



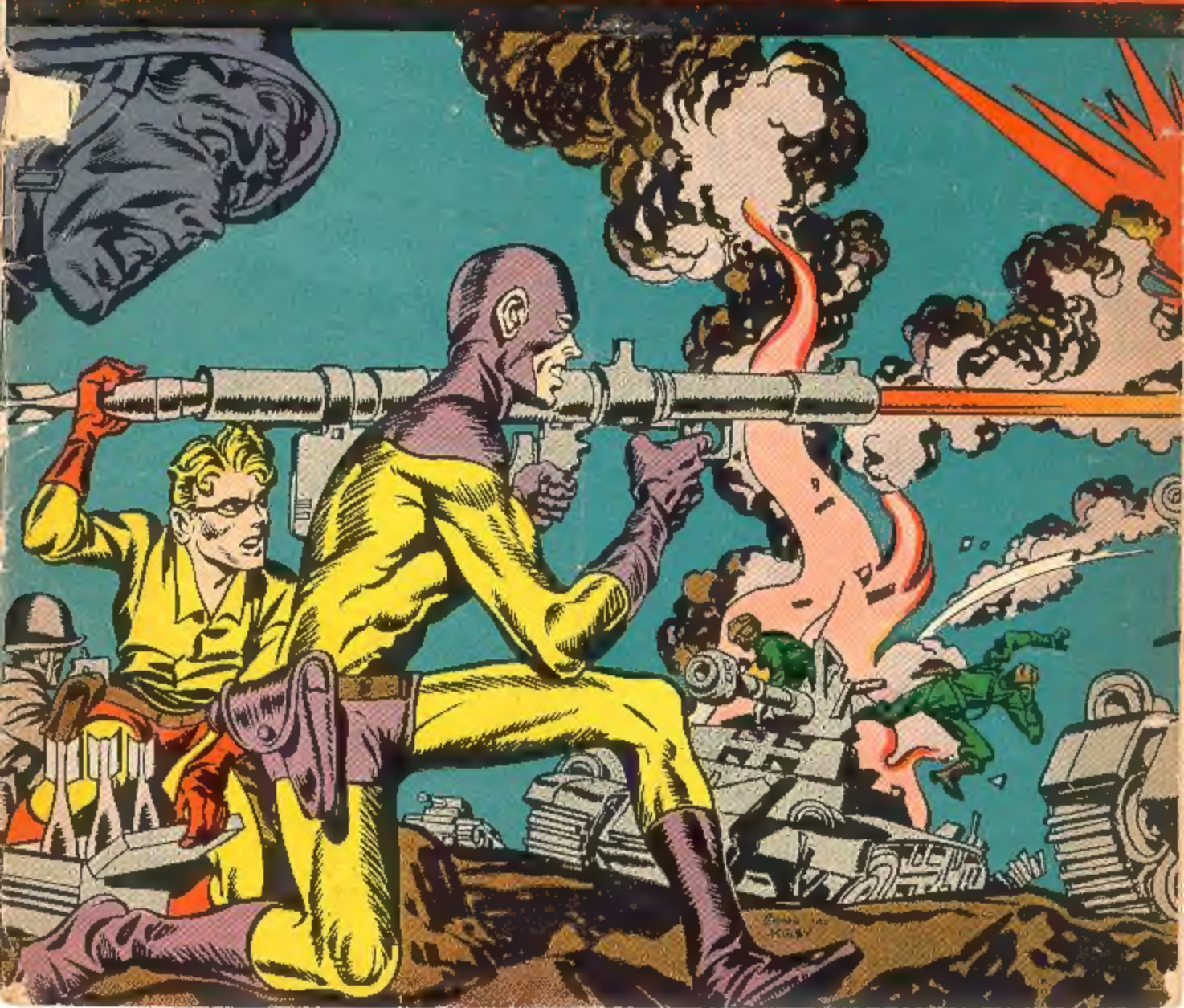
No 91

APRIL...MAY



10¢

# Adventure COMICS





## Editorial Advisory Board of the

### SUPERMAN DC COMIC MAGAZINES:

JOSETTE FRANK

Consultant on Children's Reading,  
Child Study Association of America

DR. C. BOWIE MILLICAN  
Department of English Literature,  
New York University

DR. W. W. D. SONES

Professor of Education and  
Director of Curriculum Study,  
University of Pittsburgh

DR. ROBERT THORNDIKE

Department of Educational Psychology,  
Teachers College, Columbia University

Com. GENE TUNNEY, U.S.N.R.  
Executive Board, Boy Scout Foundation  
and Member, Board of Directors,  
Catholic Youth Organization



The following magazines all bear this trademark as your guarantee of the best in comic reading:

#### 8 MONTHLY MAGAZINES:

ACTION COMICS  
ADVENTURE COMICS\*  
ALL-AMERICAN COMICS\*  
DETECTIVE COMICS  
FLASH COMICS  
MORE FUN COMICS\*  
SENSATION COMICS  
STAR SPANGLED COMICS

#### 6 BI-MONTHLY MAGAZINES:

*Issued every other month!*

ALL-FLASH\*  
ALL-STAR COMICS\*  
BATMAN  
MUTT & JEFF\*  
SUPERMAN  
WONDER WOMAN\*

#### 6 QUARTERLY MAGAZINES:

*Issued every third month!*

BOY COMMANDOS  
COMIC CAVALCADE  
GREEN LANTERN  
LEADING COMICS  
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS  
PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE\*

\*Because the War Production Board has ordered a reduction in the use of paper, MORE FUN and ADVENTURE will be published bi-monthly; ALL-FLASH, ALL-STAR COMICS, WONDER WOMAN and MUTT & JEFF will become quarterly; ALL-AMERICAN COMICS will be published only eight times a year, and PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE only twice a year for the duration.

LOOK FOR  
THIS  
TRADE-MARK  
WHENEVER  
YOU BUY  
COMICS!

THE  
PUBLISHERS  
OF  
SUPERMAN,  
BATMAN  
AND  
WONDER  
WOMAN  
KNOW HOW  
TO PRODUCE  
THE SORT  
OF COMICS  
YOU LIKE!  
-- SO THE  
TRADE-  
MARK  
IS YOUR  
GUARANTEE  
OF THE  
BEST!

LOOK FOR THE  
D-C TRADE-MARK!



# SANDMAN

## COURAGE A LA CARTE

**C**AN A COWARD BECOME BRAVE OVERNIGHT? CAN A MAN UNDERGO A MENTAL REVOLUTION THAT WILL MAKE HIM FORGET THE MEANING OF FEAR?

THE **SANDMAN** HAS DELVED DEEPLY INTO CRIMINAL PSYCHOLOGY, AND THINKS HE KNOWS THE ANSWER... BUT EVEN HE IS SURPRISED AT THE TRANSFORMATION OF TIMOROUS THIEVES INTO SWAGGERING SCOUNDRELS! AND IT REQUIRES ALL THE SLEEP-PRODUCING POWERS THAT HE AND **SANDY** POSSESS TO COPE WITH THE TOO COURAGEOUS CRIMINALS WHO SNOOZE TO CONQUER!



By  
JOE SIMON  
&  
JACK KIRBY



IT'S A DARK NIGHT IN LONESOME ALLEY, BUT YOU'RE IN NO DANGER WHEN YOU MEET LEO THE LUG, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS LEO THE CHICKEN HEARTED!

BUT I THINK THIS DOES!

STOP SQUAWKING, LEO! THAT DIDN'T REALLY HURT!

EEH!

HERE'S WHERE I CHOP YOU DOWN TO MY SIZE, GARGANTUA!

YES, AS YOU MAY HAVE SUSPECTED, THOSE POTENT FISTS BELONG TO **SANDMAN**, WHOSE MISSION IN LIFE IS TO ARRANGE NIGHTMARES FOR THE UNDERWORLD, AND HIS GOLD CLAD PARTNER, **SANDY**!

OH! NOT LEAVING SO SOON, ARE YOU?

SUDDENLY, A PRONE FIGURE LYING AT THE **SANDMAN'S** FEET, COMES TO AND...

WHA--!

BOP 'IM LEO!

A-A-A-A!

THE **SANDMAN'S** DIZZY? NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO FINISH HIM OFF! COME ON, BOYS!















THE FOLLOWING DAY, AS SANDMAN AND SANDY, IN THEIR EVERY DAY GUES OF WEB DODDS AND SANDY HAWKINS, STROLL THROUGH THE BUSINESS DISTRICT...

WES, THINK WE OUGHT TO SWITCH?

WAIT A MINUTE, SANDY!  
IT MAY NOT BE OUR KIND OF  
TROUBLE!

HELP

WE SHOULDA STOPPED THAT GUY FROM YELLIN'—  
BUT IT DON'T MAKE NO DIFFERENCE... THE COPS  
CAN'T GET US! DESE STOCKS AND BONDS  
WILL BRING A NICE PILE O' DOUGH!

LOOK, IT'S LEO'S MOB! WHERE DID THEY GET  
THE NERVE TO PULL A JOB LIKE THIS?

WE'LL FIND OUT KID! IT'S  
TIME FOR THE SWITCH!

PRESENTLY, AFTER WHIZZING WIREPOONS STRIKE THEIR  
STEEL TIPS DEEP INTO THE SIDE OF A LOFTY EDIFICE!



SANDMAN! BUT  
YOU AREN'T SCARED, ARE YOU  
BOYS?

WE'LL  
KILL 'IM!

SCARED? THAT  
GUY CAN'T HURT  
ME!

STAND BACK,  
SANDY! I'LL  
HANDLE HIM  
MYSELF!

I'LL STOP YOU,  
SANDMAN!









WITH A SOMEWAT WAVERING DEATH STARING  
THEM IN THE FACE...



SANDMAN AND SANDY LIVE UP TO THEIR NAME, AND  
SHOW THEIR GUTS!



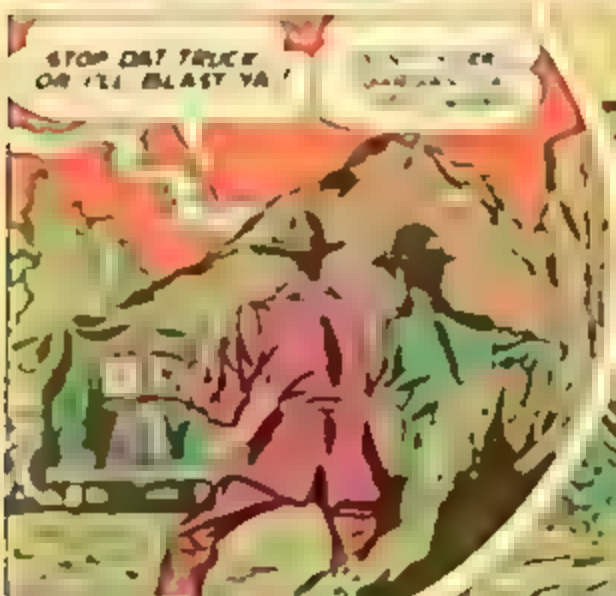
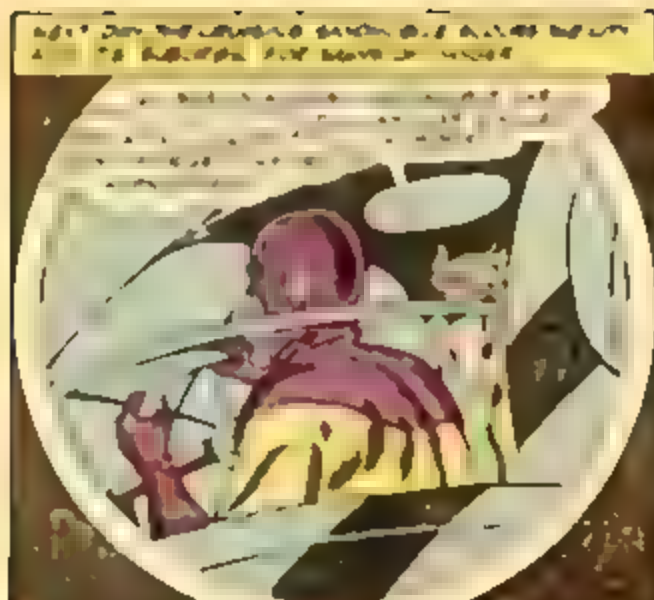
AFTER THE RETREATING BANDITS HAVE MADE GOOD THEIR  
ESCAPE...



HEY! WHAT DID I SAY... HYPNOTIZED?  
THAT'S IT! THAT EXPLAINS EVERYTHING!  
NOW I KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH THEM!  
TOMORROW, SANDY, WE'LL BE READY FOR  
THEM!













# ADVENTURES OF "B.C." AND QUICK



WESTERN STAR  
CHUCK MACK BROWN SAYS

HE'S BEEN A  
FIGHT FIGHTER

ROYAL CROWN COLA  
Best in the West



# Genius JONES



BY AND LARGE MAN AND BOY  
READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT --  
**GENIUS JONES**, THE LAD  
WHO "MAKES N TH THE MIND",  
CAN JUALLY PIVERIZE A  
PUZZLE IN A MANNER THAT  
OUT-**EINSTEIN'S EINSTEIN**--  
WE'LL PULL UP A COMFORTABLE  
CHAIR AND WE'LL TELL YOL ABOUT...

**"The Affair of the  
Unhappy Hercules!"**

SAN 1926

A GULLIBLE FAN AT **GENIUS**  
UNRAVELS THE KNOTTED BROW  
OF A PUZZLED PUBLIC

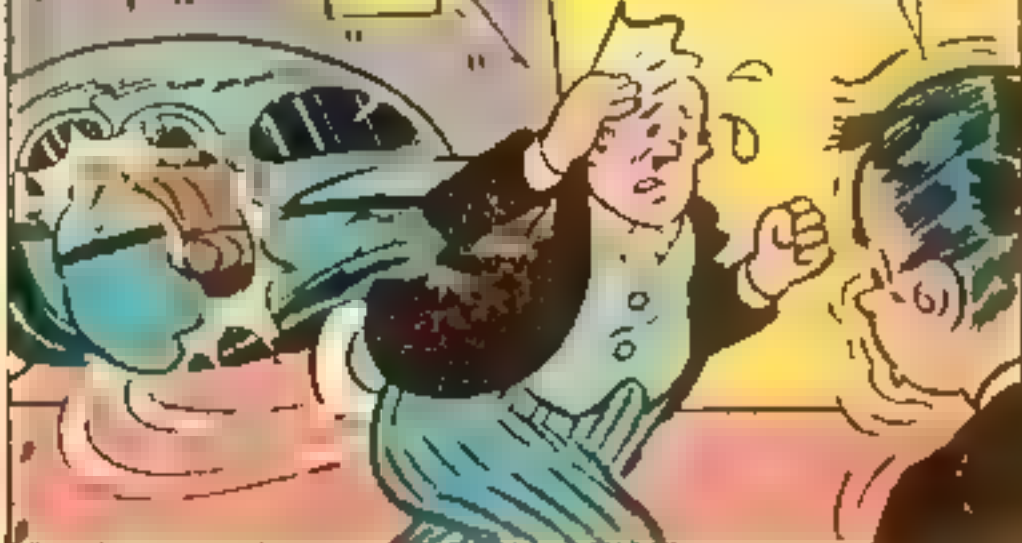
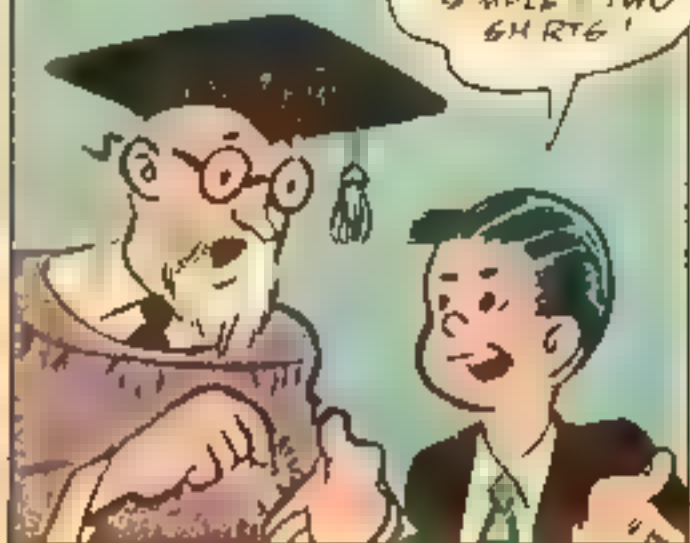
NEXT...

A RIDDLE AFFEND GAVE ME -- KEEPING  
ME UP NIGHTS **MR JONES** -- "WHAT  
IS IT THAT HAS FOUR ARMS AND  
TWO TAILS? HERE'S YOUR  
DIME

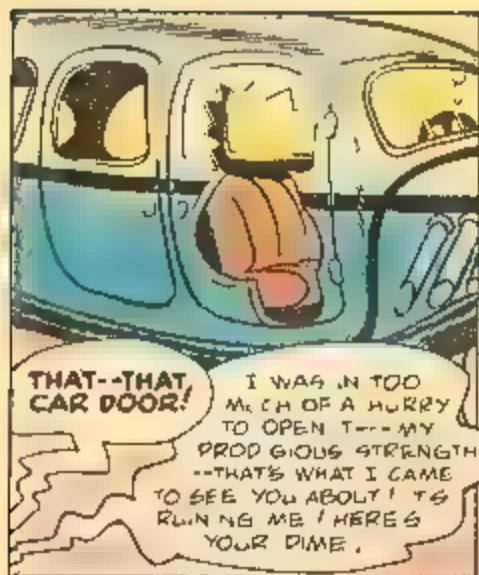
SIMPLE PRO-  
FESSOR VERY  
SIMPLE TWO  
SHORTS!

**GENIUS JONES**, YOU'VE GOT  
TO HELP ME I'M A TERRIBLE  
TROUBLE! MY SOCIAL  
LIFE -- MY BUSINESS!

MY  
GOODNESS!

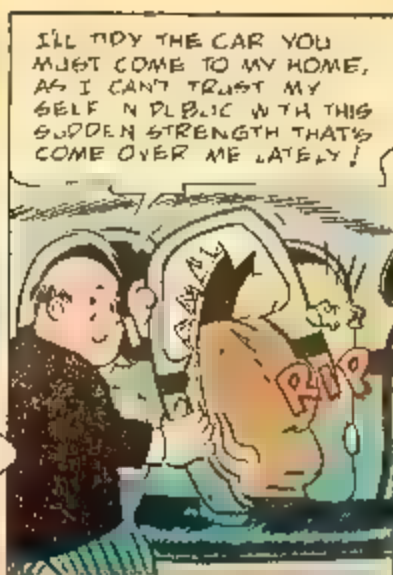






THAT--THAT  
CAR DOOR!

I WAS IN TOO  
MUCH OF A HURRY  
TO OPEN IT--- MY  
PRODIGIOUS STRENGTH  
--THAT'S WHAT I CAME  
TO SEE YOU ABOUT! IT'S  
RUINING ME! HERE'S  
YOUR DIME.

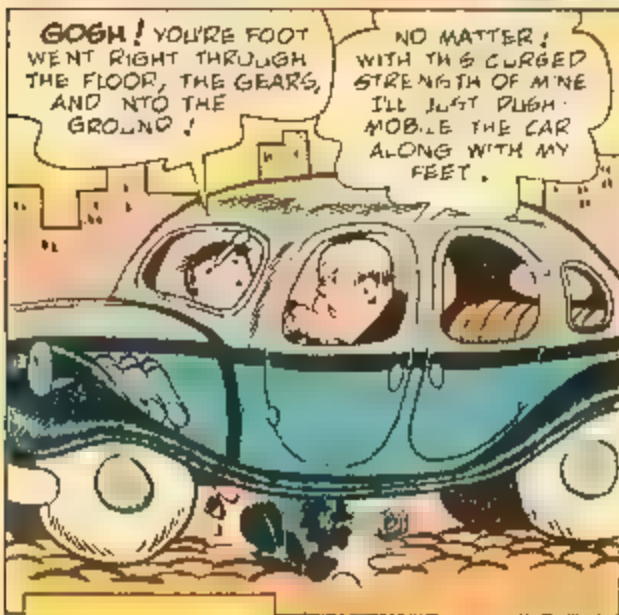


I'LL TRY THE CAR YOU  
MUST COME TO MY HOME,  
AS I CAN'T TRUST MY  
SELF IN PUBLIC WITH THIS  
SUDDEN STRENGTH THAT'S  
COME OVER ME LATELY!



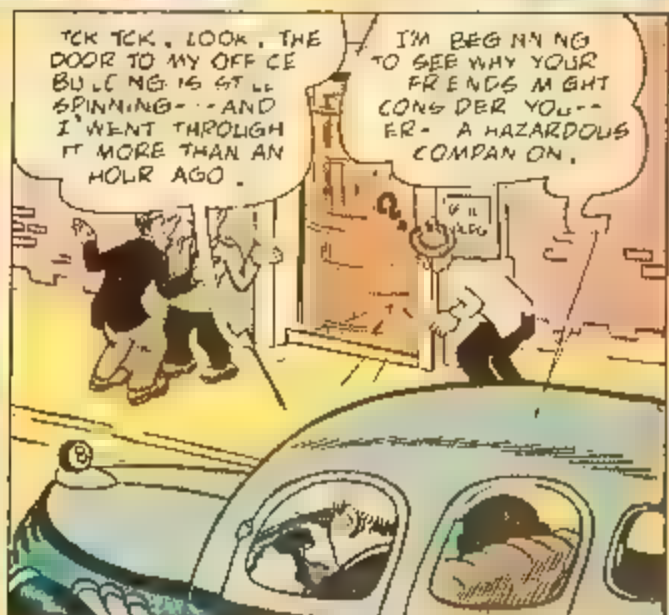
I'LL GET INTO  
MY ANSWER-  
MAN OBJECT  
AND BE  
RIGHT  
WITH  
YOU.

DO HURRY!  
I'M MYRON  
MIDAG. YOU  
CAN'T IMAGINE  
HOW GHOSTLY THIS  
IS TO A MAN OF  
MY VAST NERVE-  
LESS.



GOSH! YOUR FOOT  
WENT RIGHT THROUGH  
THE FLOOR, THE GEARS,  
AND INTO THE  
GROUND!

NO MATTER!  
WITH THIS CURSED  
STRENGTH OF MINE  
I'LL JUST PUSH  
MOBILE THE CAR  
ALONG WITH MY  
FEET.



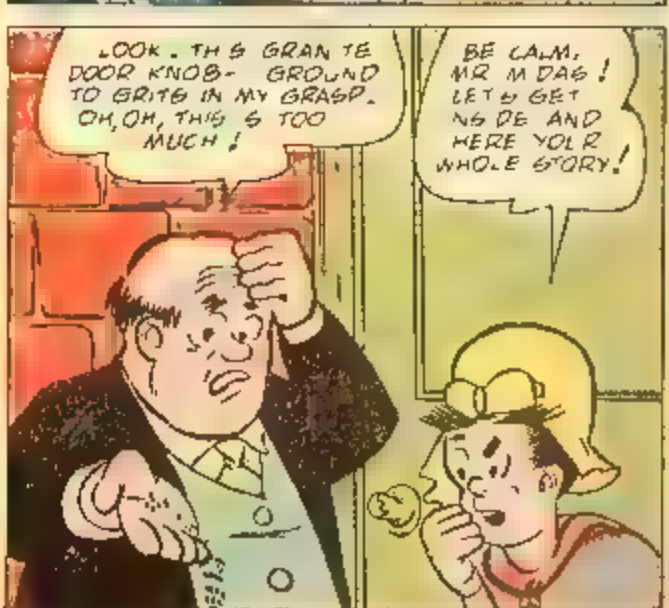
TICK TACK. LOOK. THE  
DOOR TO MY OFFICE  
BUILDING IS STILL  
SPINNING-- AND  
I'VE WENT THROUGH  
IT MORE THAN AN  
HOUR AGO.

I'M BEGINNING  
TO SEE WHY YOUR  
FRIENDS MIGHT  
CONSIDER YOU--  
ER-- A HAZARDOUS  
COMPANION.



ARRIVED AT THE  
MIDAG ESTATE

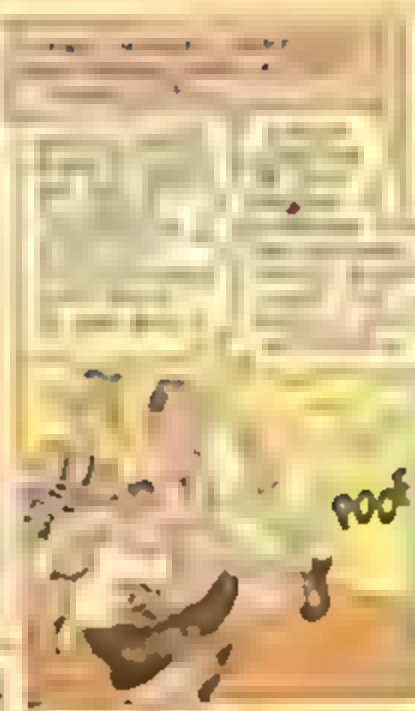
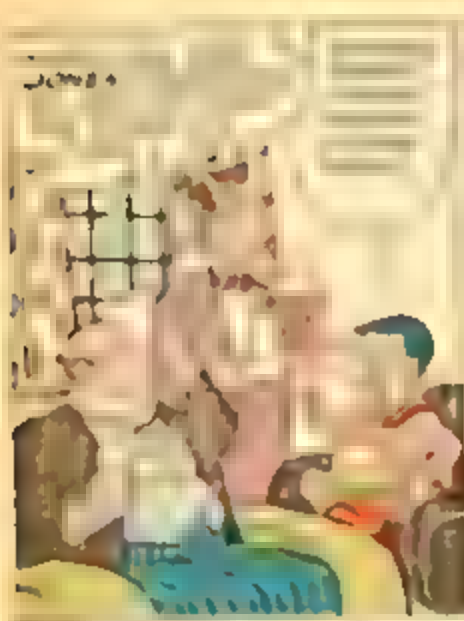
YES, YES!  
EVERYTHING  
I TOUCH JUST  
SEEMS TO



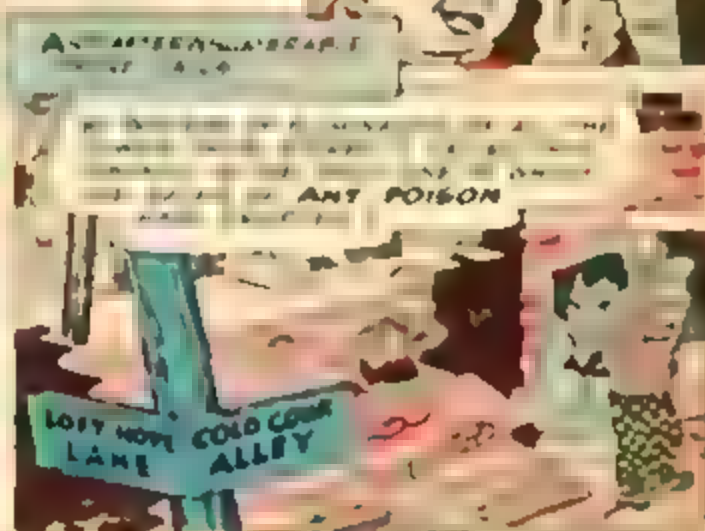
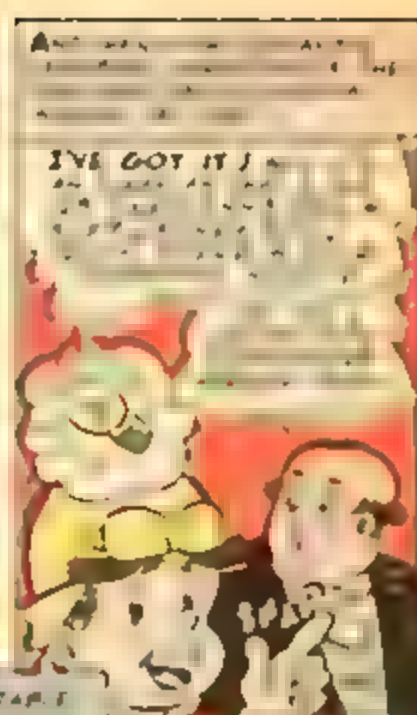
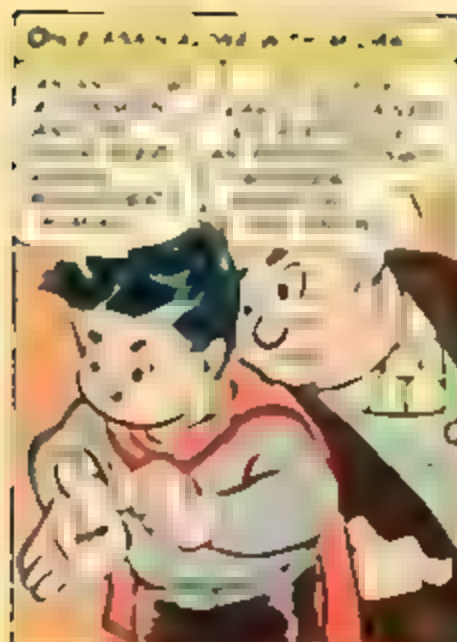
LOOK. THIS GRANITE  
DOOR KNOB-- GROUND  
TO CRUMBS IN MY GRASP.  
OH, OH, THIS IS TOO  
MUCH!

BE CALM,  
MR. MIDAG!  
LET'S GET  
THE END AND  
HERE YOUR  
WHOLE STORY!

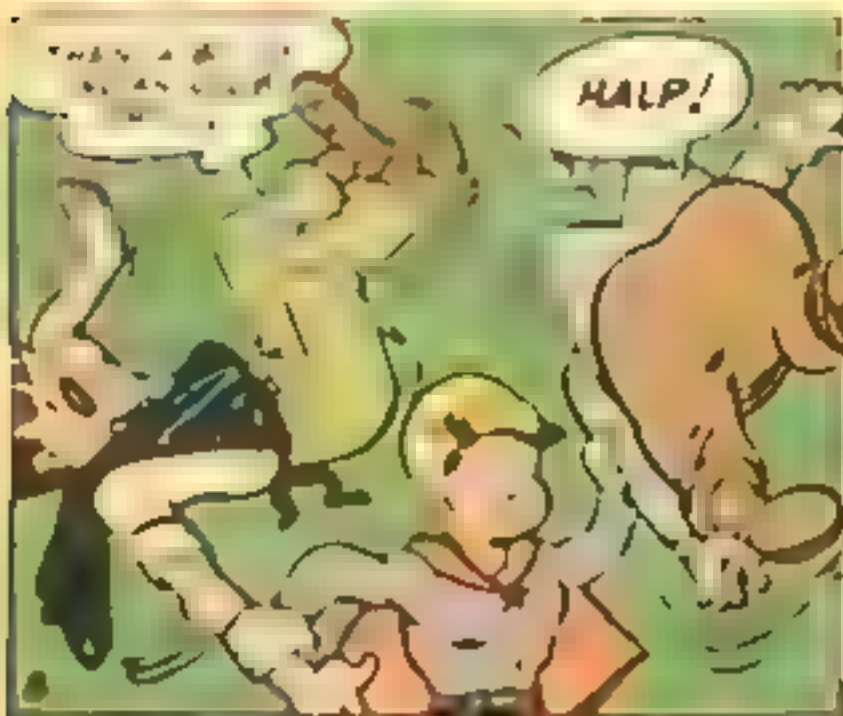
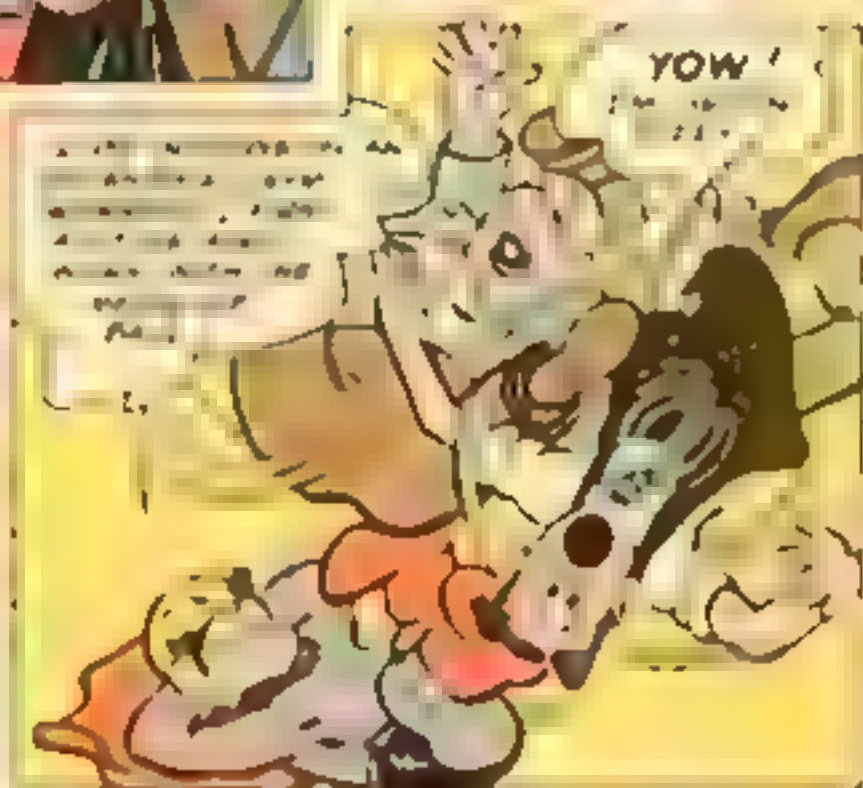
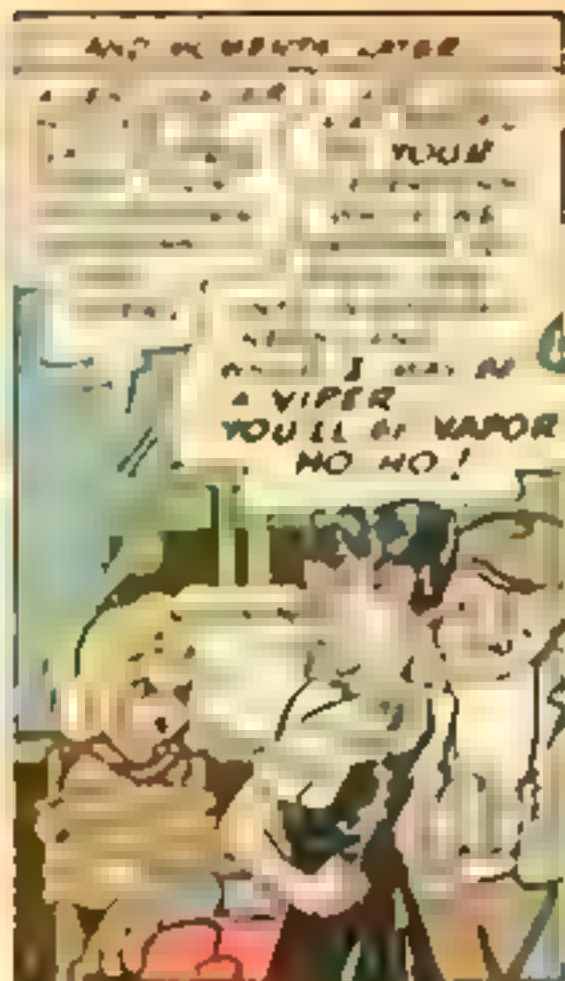




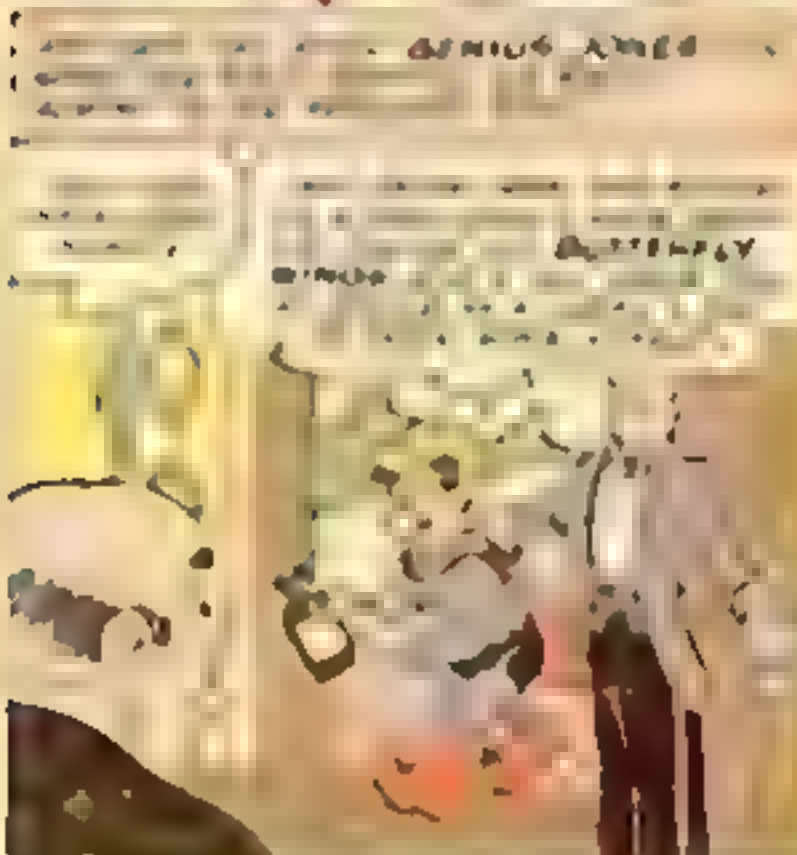














# The SHINING KNIGHT



OUT OF THE PAST HE CAME  
A SHINING HERO WITH FLASH-  
ING SWORD... AND GLORIOUS  
ARMOR... AND WINGED  
STEED... BUT WHAT A  
MISTAKE... YOU'VE HEARD  
ALL THAT BEFORE HE WENT  
DOWN AND SAVED THE  
CROOKS... HAD THE SWORD  
AND THE ARMOR AND THE  
HUGGER... AND ALL IN HIS  
ARM... ONLY WITH HIS BARE  
HANDS AND HIS QUICK WITS  
WHAT THEN? HOW HE STILL  
BE HERO? WELL FOR THE  
ANSWER TO THAT, TAKE  
A LOOK AT WHAT TAKES  
PLACE IN THE...

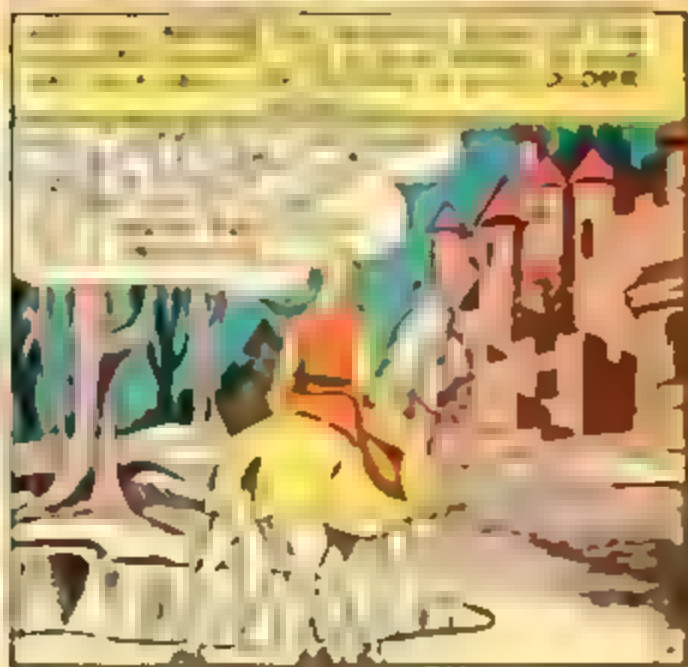
“DATE  
OF THE  
KNIGHT!”

AFTER HE  
DROVE THE  
SHINING  
KNIGHT  
HE  
CORNERED  
THE...  
IN A  
GANG OF  
BUTCH  
MORRIS...  
AND AS HE  
CLOSES  
IN...



“ARE YOU FEELING THE  
FLAT OF MY SWORD?”  
“KEEP YOUR FEET  
AND A FURROW  
IN THE EARTH  
THAT  
IS YOUR  
JOB!”







AS SIR JUST ENTERS THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF KING ARTHUR...

ANY THE MUSEUM MUST  
HAVE BEEN A DREAM...  
THIS IS REALITY! I SHALL  
SUBMIT MYSELF TO MY  
FATE... ARTHUR.



THEY KNOW ME NOT...  
ARTHUR HAS LOST MOST  
OF HIS KNIGHTS... AND  
MORDRED HAS TURNED  
VILAIN... IT'S HAVE  
NOBODY CHANGED!



ALAS I AM OLD  
AND LONG SINCE  
WAS FORGOTTEN  
THE LOSS OF MY MAGIC  
BUT AS THOU ART FOR  
KING ARTHUR THOU  
ART WELCOME!

NOR I... ON WHOSE...  
GIVE ART T-O-L...  
STRANGER KNIGHT...  
FOR ARTHUR OR...  
FOR MORDRED...  
ARTHUR'S  
SWORN KNIGHT!  
REVE BESTEST  
THOU NOT...  
NO... THE UK...

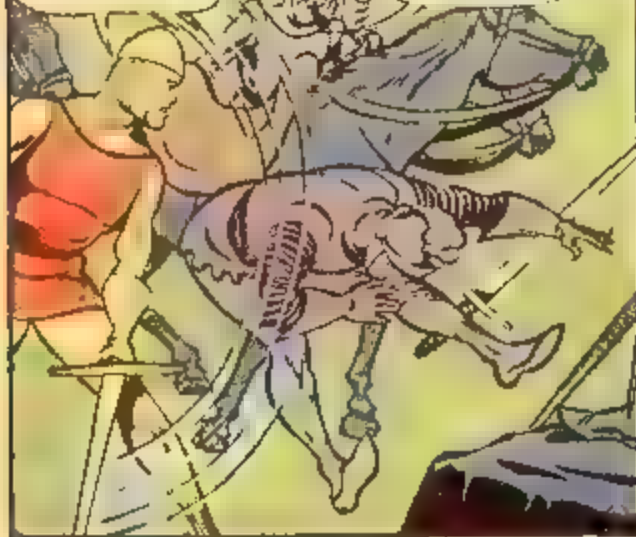


NOBODY... EVEN  
NOW ARTHUR'S DOOM APPEARS HIGH...  
FOR SUDDE...

HEY BUTCH...  
HERE HE'S...  
ON THE...  
THRU...  
BUTCH...  
MORDRED...  
HA...  
SCOUNDREL...  
YOU DAREST...  
TO...  
AGAINST...  
MY LEGE...



OFF THY HORSE,  
ARLE" AND BOW  
TO THE KING



HEY, WHO'S DIS  
GUY WID THE SHAN  
ARTHUR?

I DUNNO... BUT  
BEFORE I'M  
FINISHED WITH  
HIM HE'S GONNA  
HAVE A SHINER  
TO MATCH!



AR REANS TO  
STRENGTH... BUT MY  
SWORD NO LONGER  
CUTS THROUGH METAL...  
MY MAGIC POWERS  
ARE GONE!

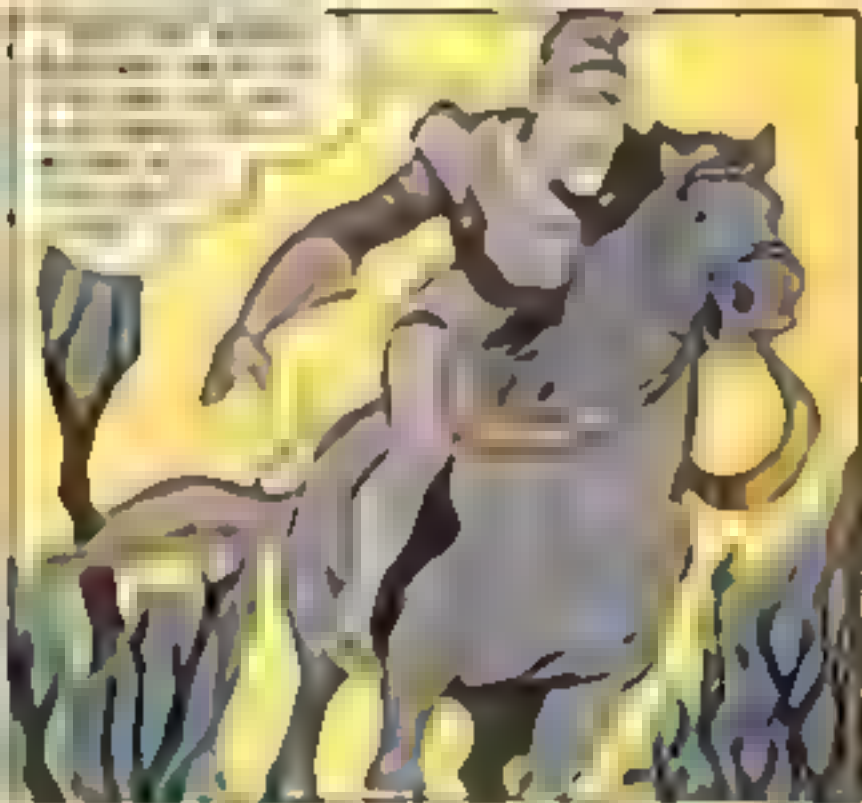




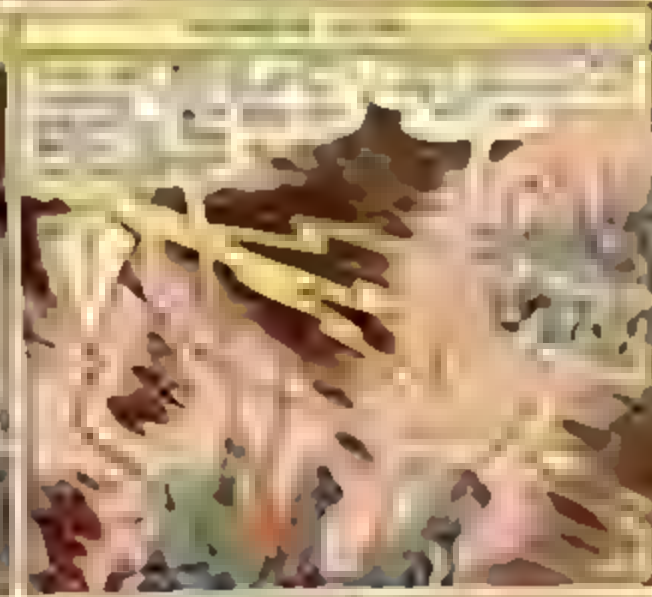
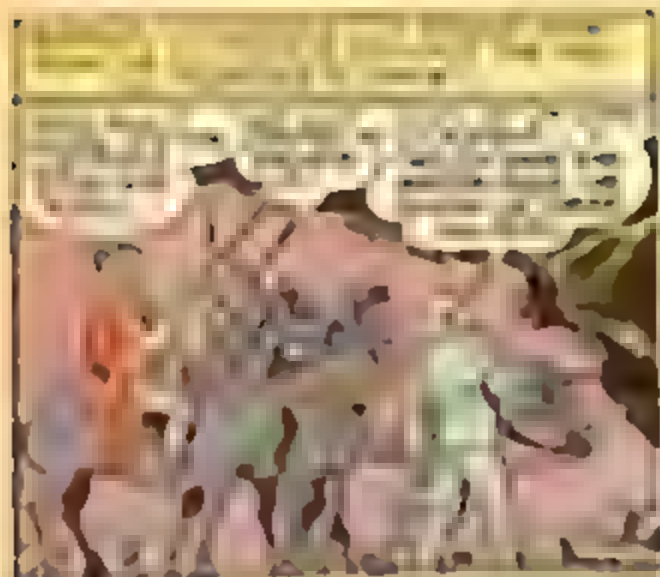




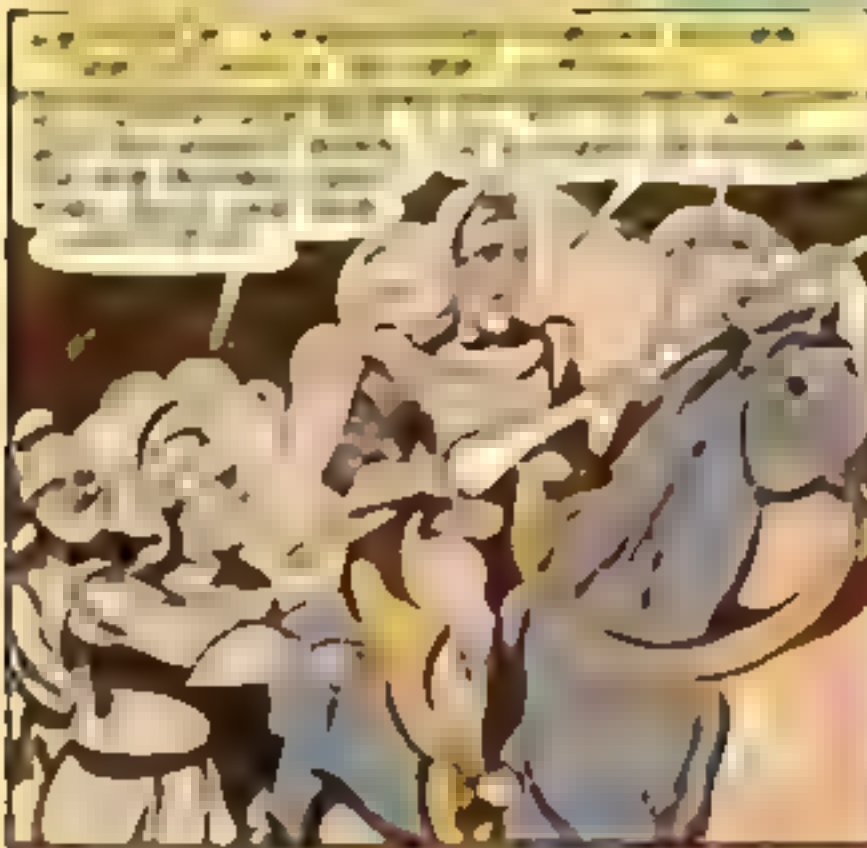
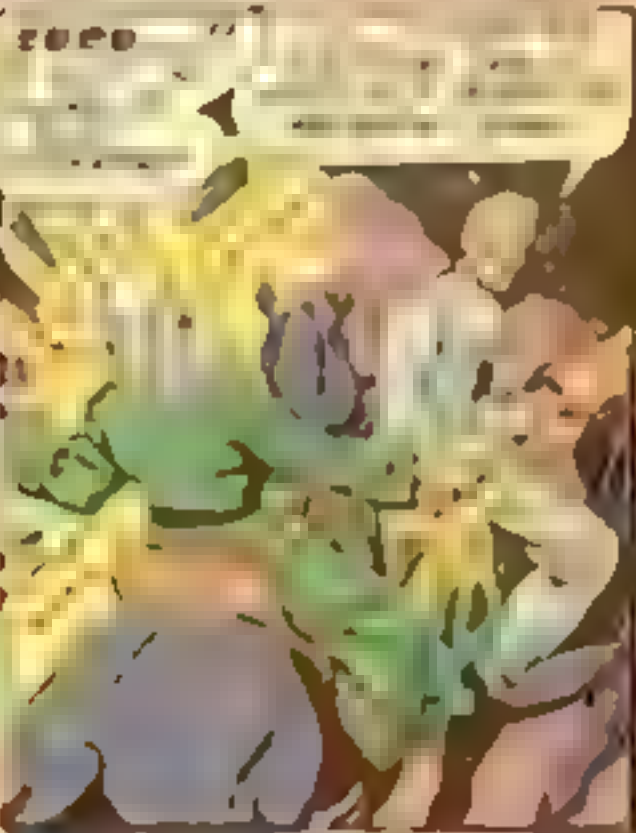
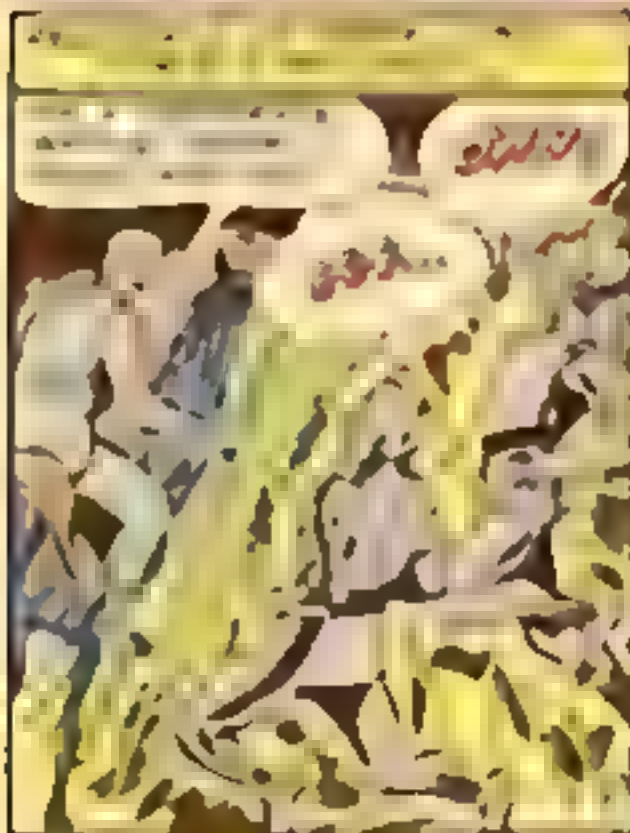
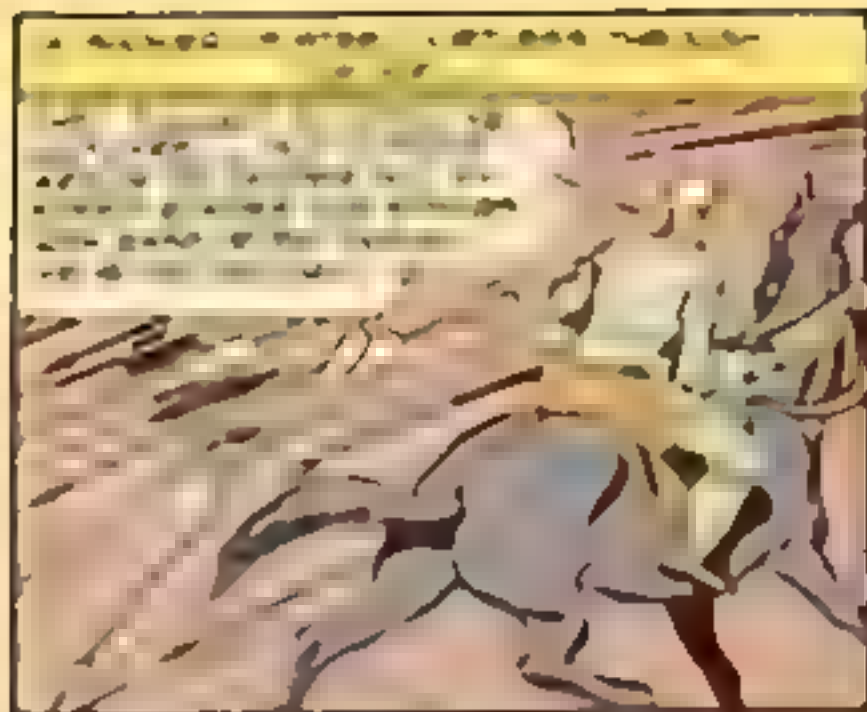




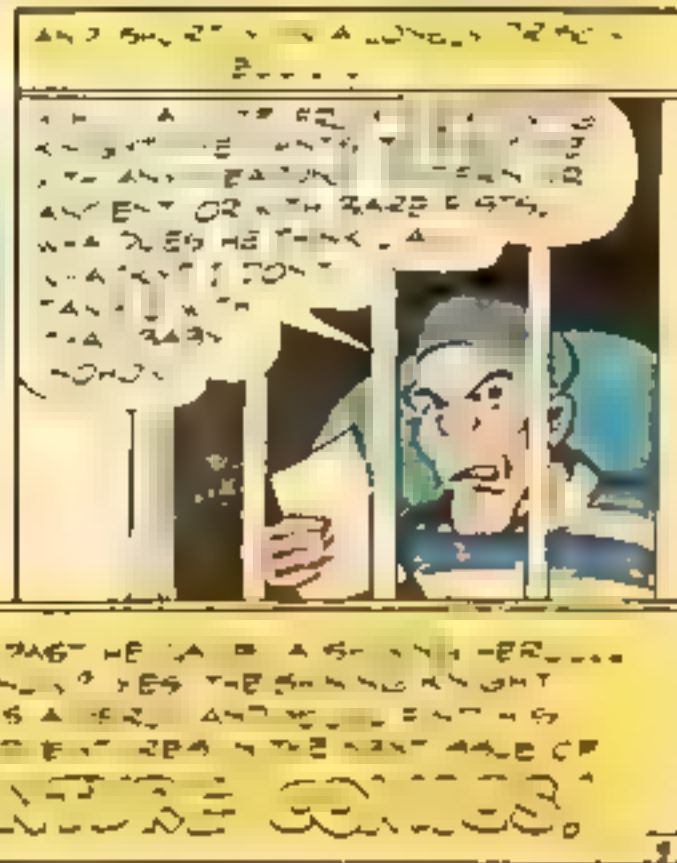
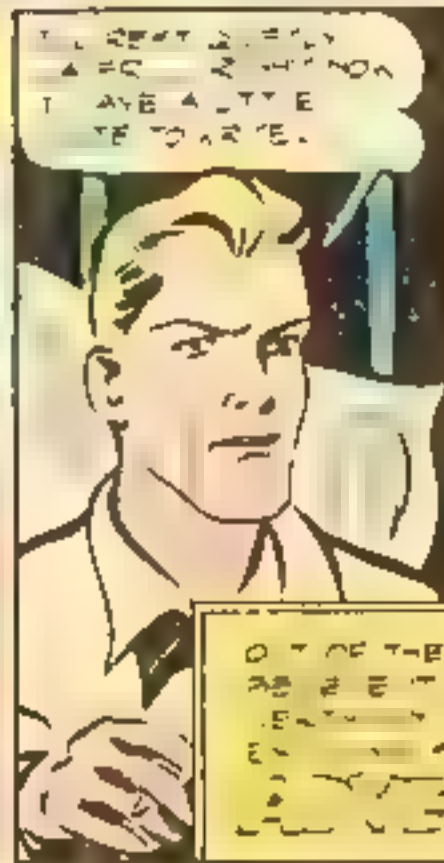
















"We're gonna play Naal torture-chamber — we wave th'is box of Wheaties in front of Johnny but won't let him have any."

**YES, S.I.R.!** DEPRIVING A GOOD WHEATIES-EATER OF HIS FAVORITE CEREAL RANKS AS CRUEL AND INHUMAN PUNISHMENT. BUT THERE'S NO REASON WHY YOU HAVE TO MISS OUT ON YOUR "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS." THERE'S PLENTY OF WHEATIES TO GO AROUND... PLENTY OF THIS GOOD, NOURISHING WHOLE WHEAT PRODUCT TO HELP YOU MAKE EVERY MORNING'S BREAKFAST A REAL HUMDINGER. GET

NEXT TO WHEATIES AND START GETTING MORE FUN OUT OF LIFE.

HEY, LOOK! SPECIAL OFFER GOOD ONLY WHILE OUR LIMITED SUPPLIES LAST. GET HANDSOME MECHANICAL PENCIL SHAPED LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL BAT... STREAMLINE CURVED TO FIT YOUR FINGERS. SEND 10¢ AND ONE WHEATIES BOX TOP TO GENERAL MILLS, INC., DEPT. 559 MINNEAPOLIS 15, MINN. AND SEND TODAY!



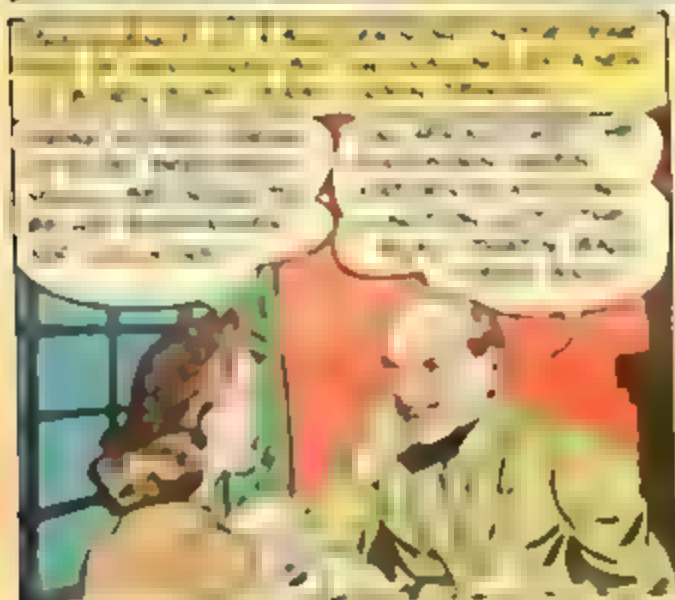
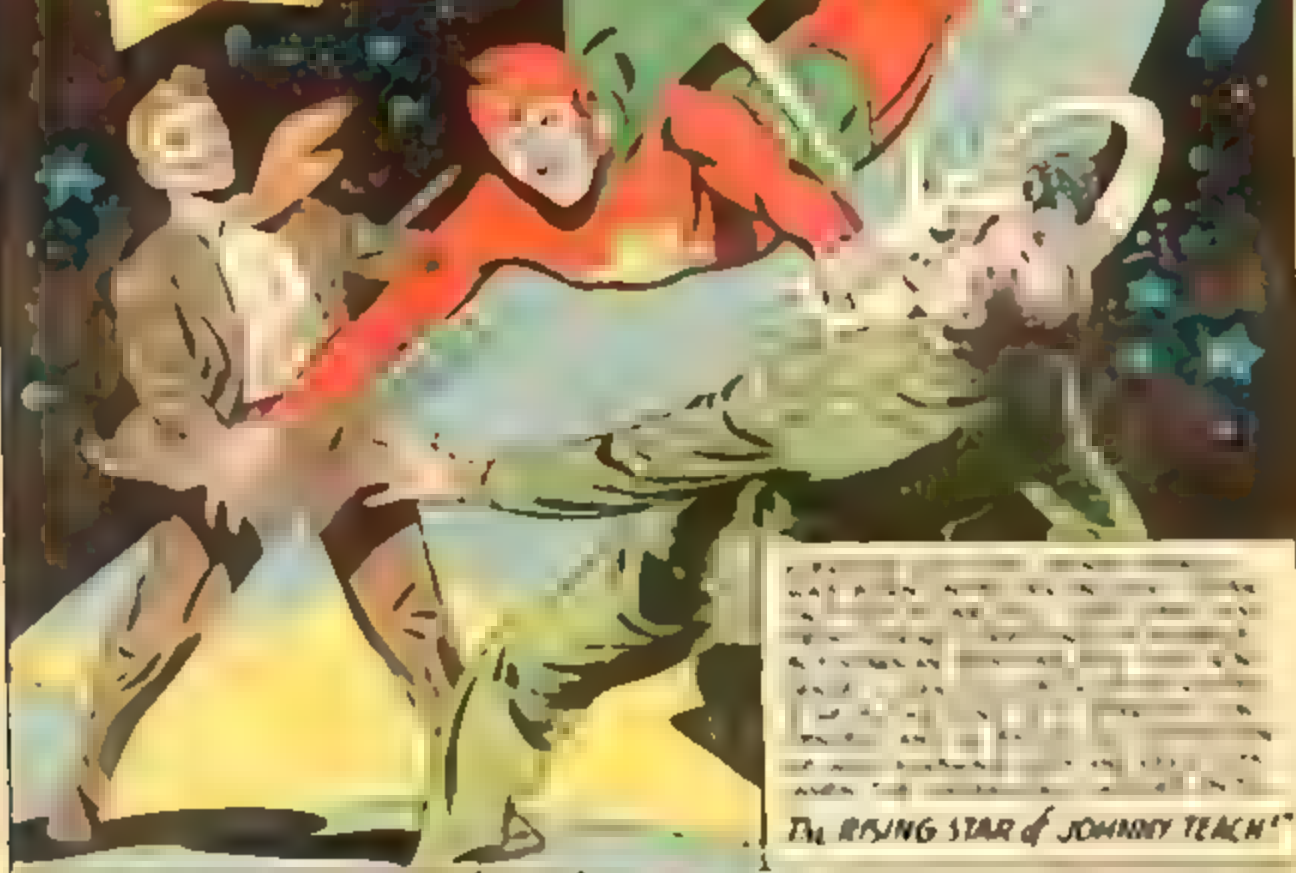
"Breakfast of

**Champions"**  
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.



# STAR MAN





TEN YEARS OLD AND  
YOU'VE CHANGED HIS TO  
BE A MAN. IT'S LIKE  
A MAN'S HAND ON  
A WOMAN'S HAND.

IT'S LIKE A MAN'S  
HANDS NEAR A  
WOMAN. ALL THE TEACHERS  
ARE AGAINST ME

IF I HES ONLY WALK  
AND I CAN SEE THE  
THING I'VE GOT  
HAPPENING

IT'S LIKE A MAN'S  
HANDS NEAR A  
WOMAN. ALL THE TEACHERS  
ARE AGAINST ME

THROUGH HIGH SCHOOL AND  
UP TO THE UNIVERSITY  
AND I'VE GOT TO PASS  
THE WORLD. I WONDER  
WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO ME  
THERE

AND THE  
HANDS

IT'S LIKE A MAN'S  
HANDS NEAR A  
WOMAN. ALL THE TEACHERS  
ARE AGAINST ME

FRED

IT'S LIKE A MAN'S  
HANDS NEAR A  
WOMAN. ALL THE TEACHERS  
ARE AGAINST ME

IT'S LIKE A MAN'S  
HANDS NEAR A  
WOMAN. ALL THE TEACHERS  
ARE AGAINST ME

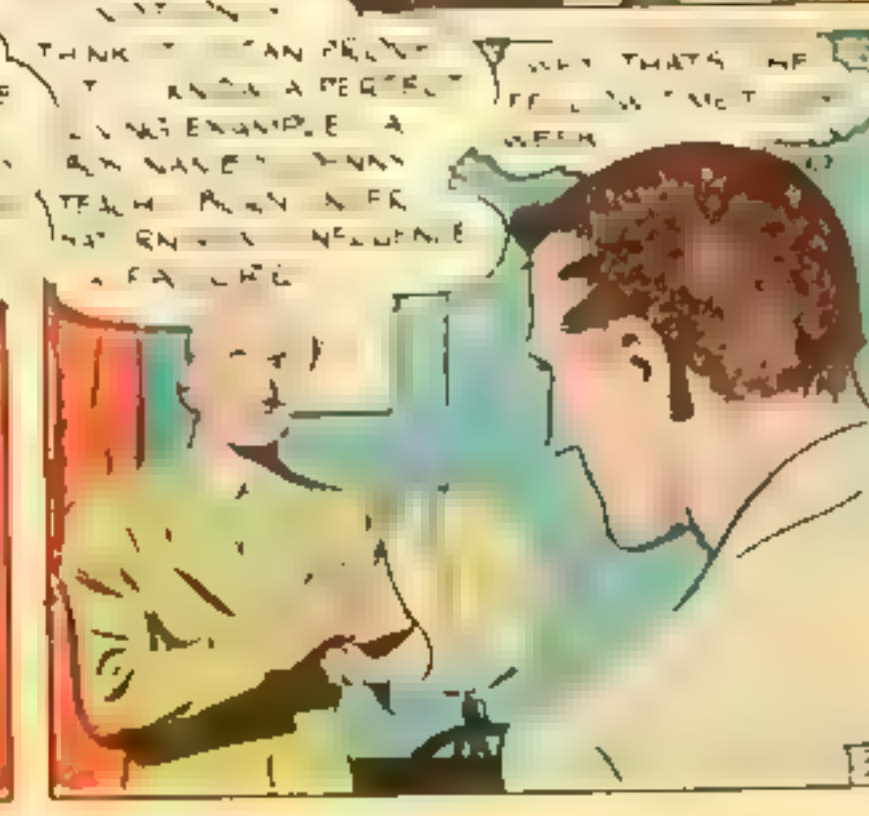
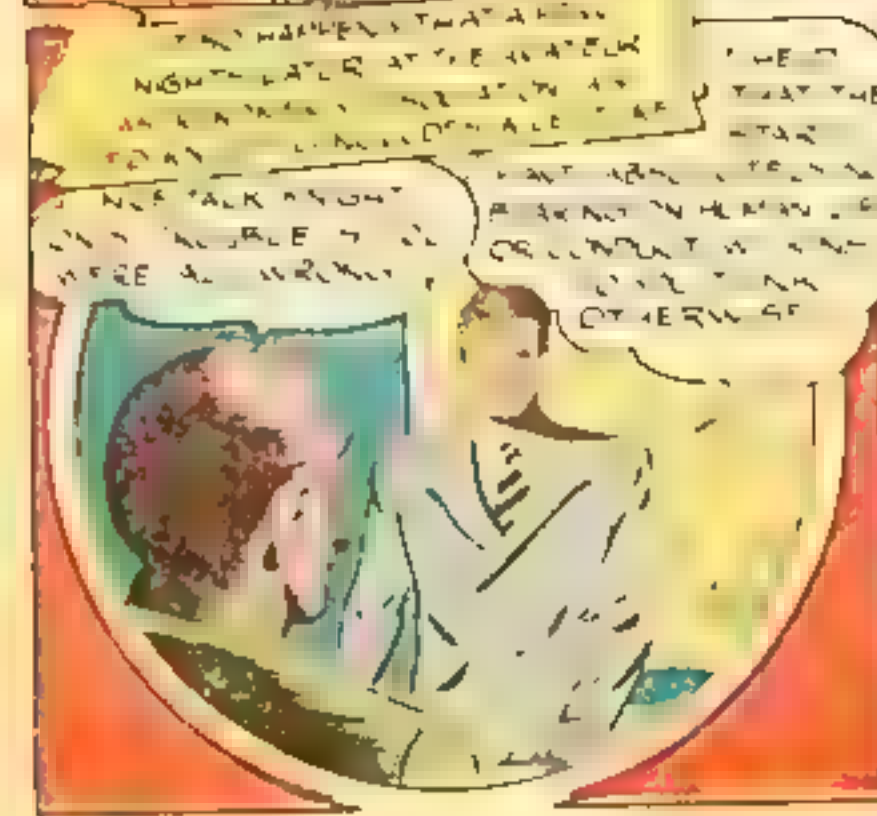
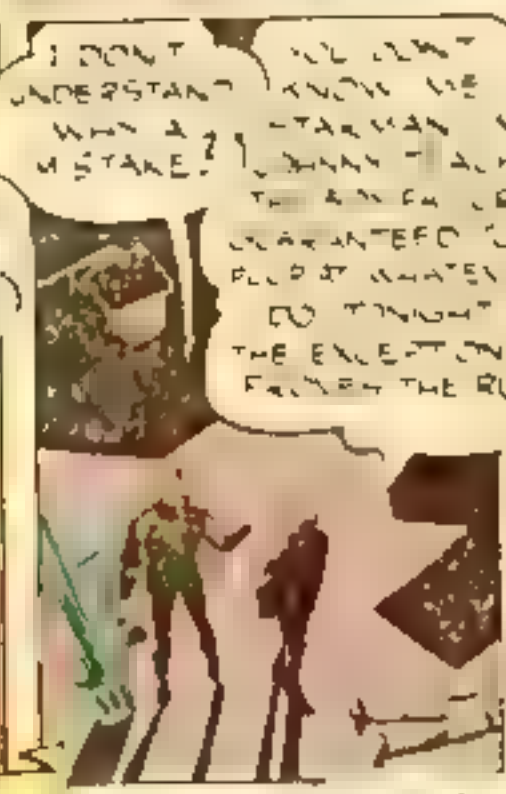
IT'S LIKE A MAN'S  
HANDS NEAR A  
WOMAN. ALL THE TEACHERS  
ARE AGAINST ME

IT'S LIKE A MAN'S  
HANDS NEAR A  
WOMAN. ALL THE TEACHERS  
ARE AGAINST ME

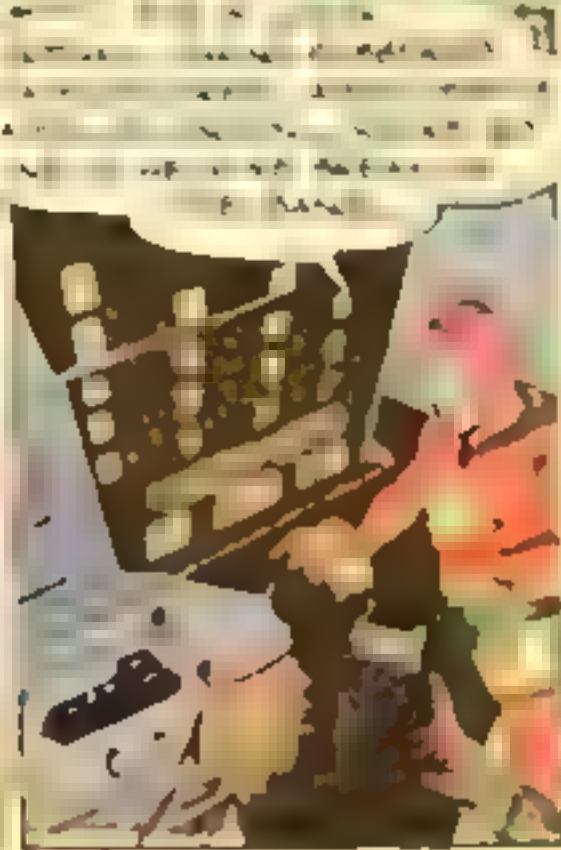
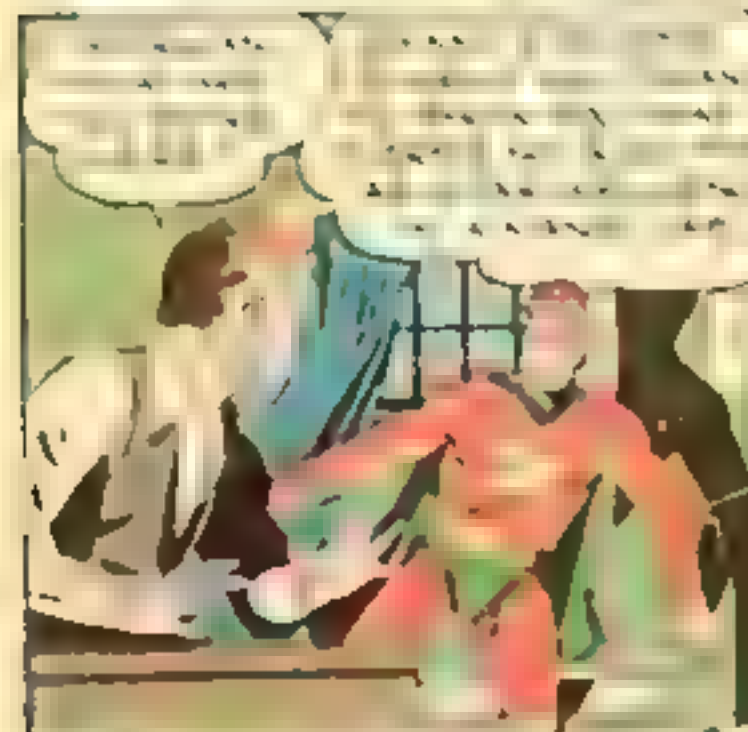
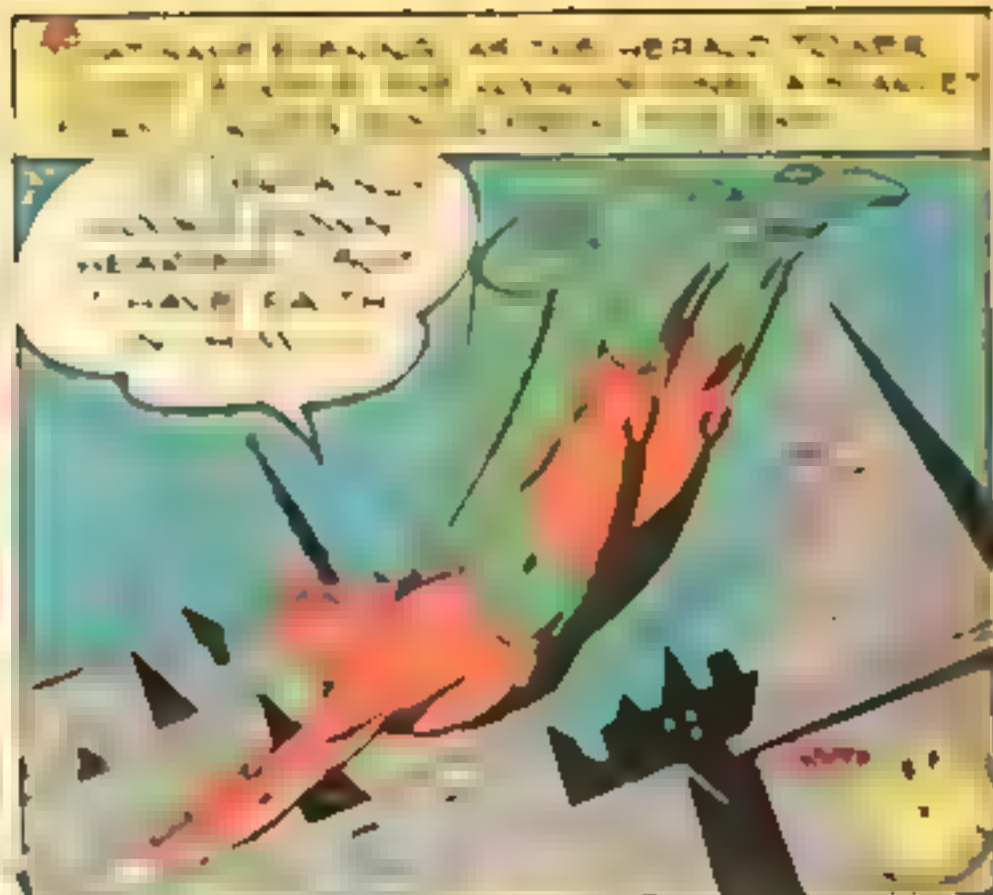
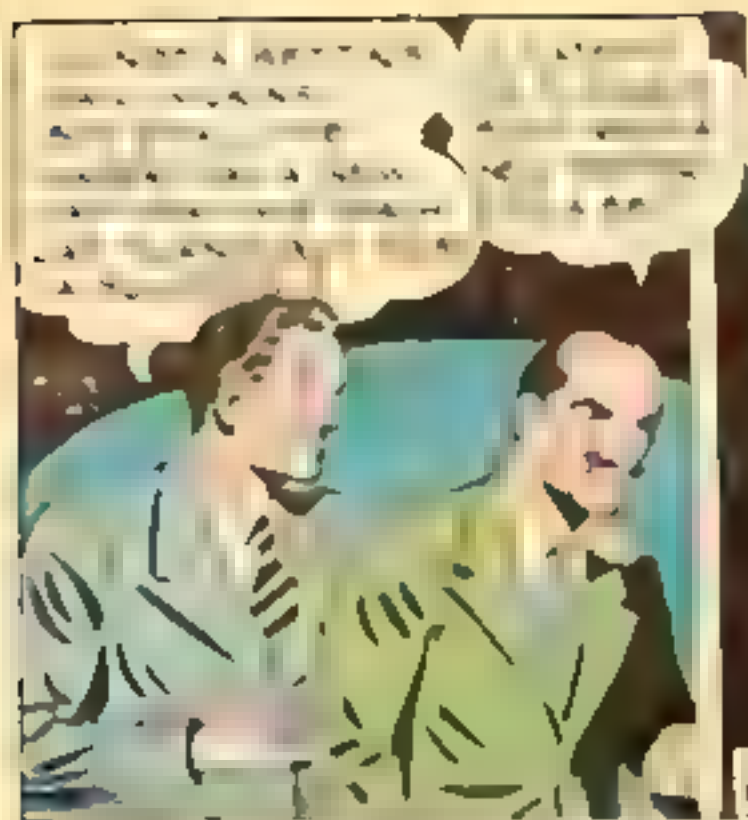
IT'S LIKE A MAN'S  
HANDS NEAR A  
WOMAN. ALL THE TEACHERS  
ARE AGAINST ME

IT'S LIKE A MAN'S  
HANDS NEAR A  
WOMAN. ALL THE TEACHERS  
ARE AGAINST ME

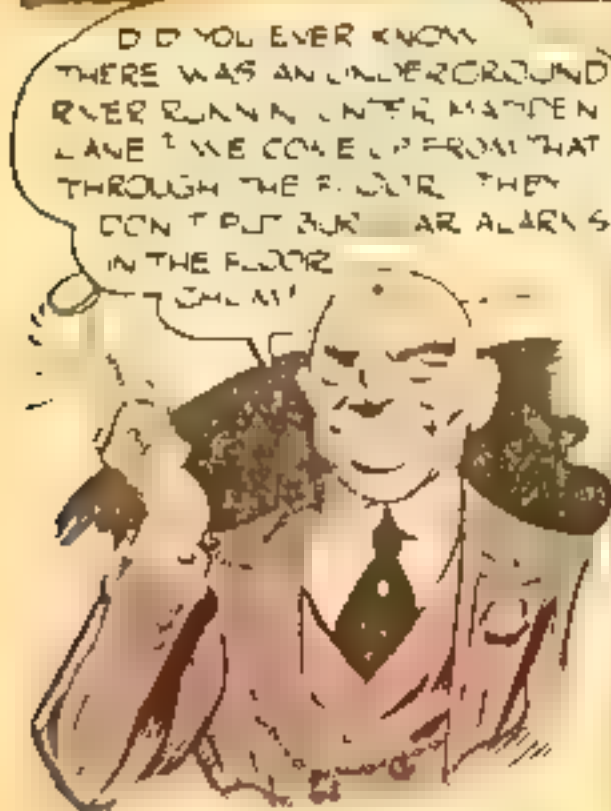
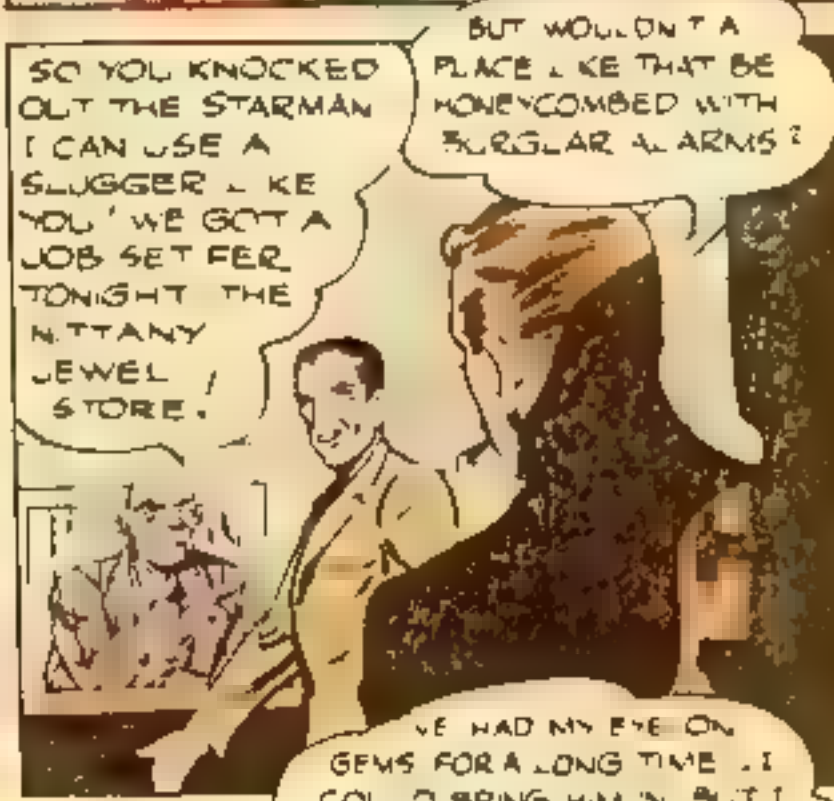
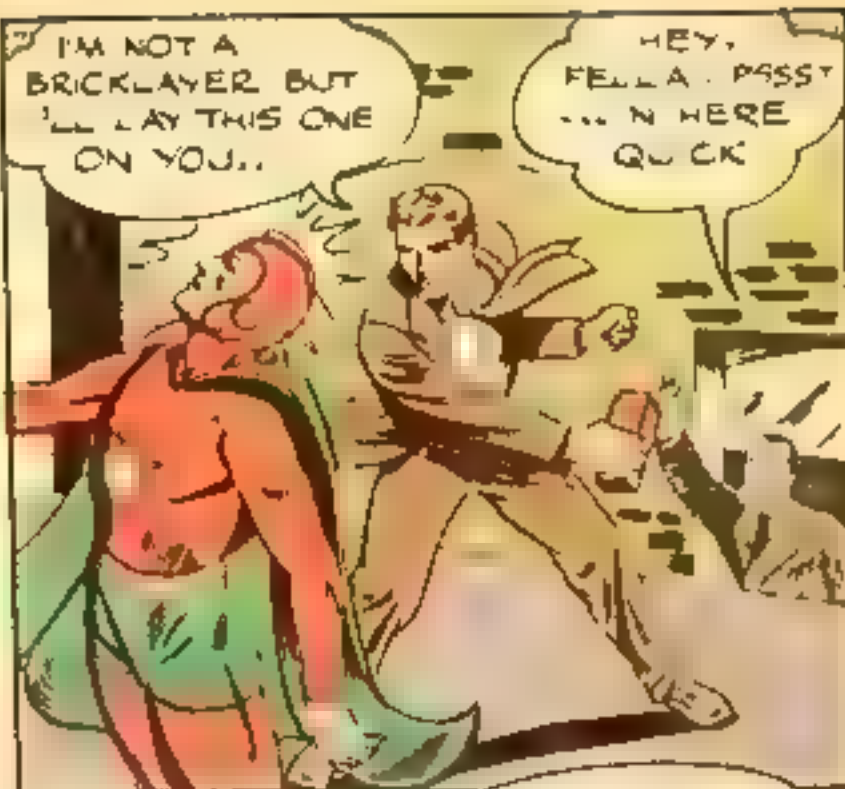
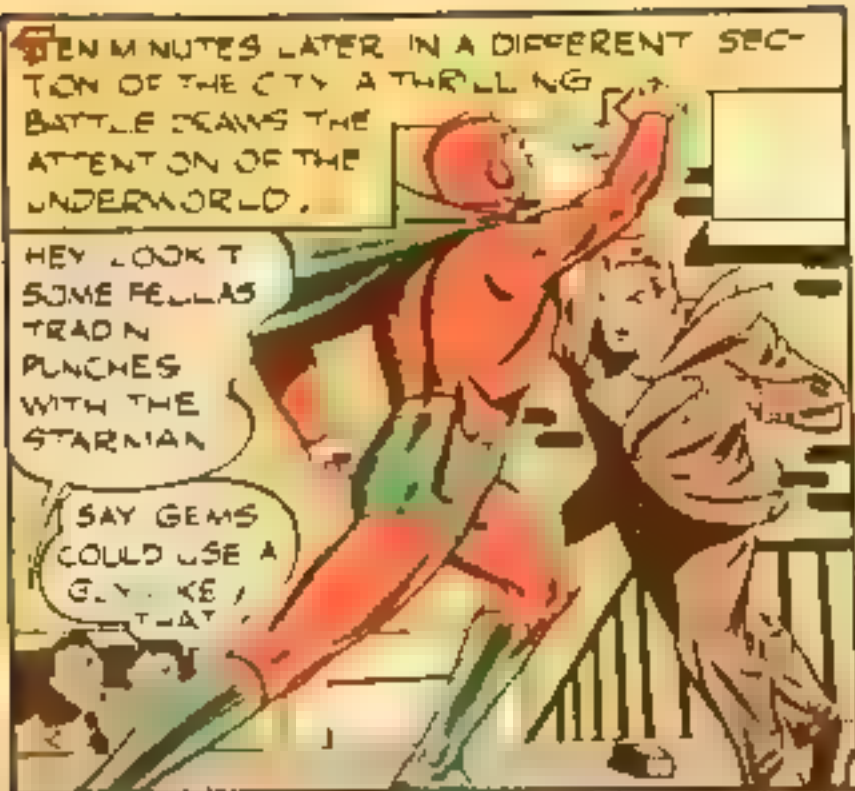




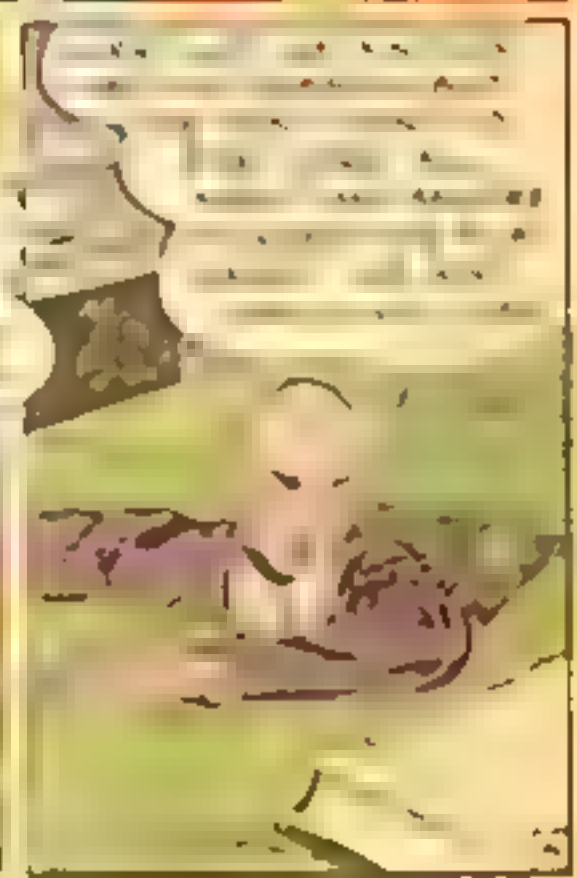
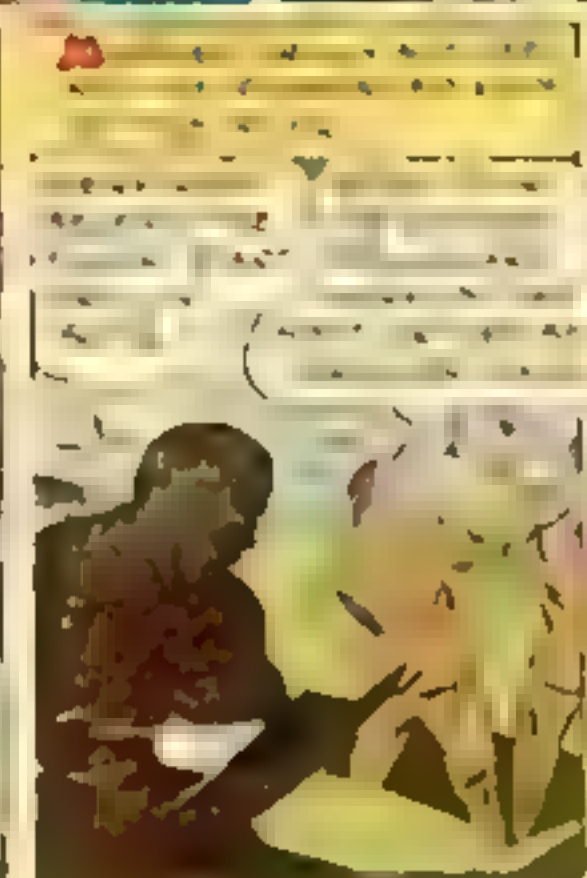
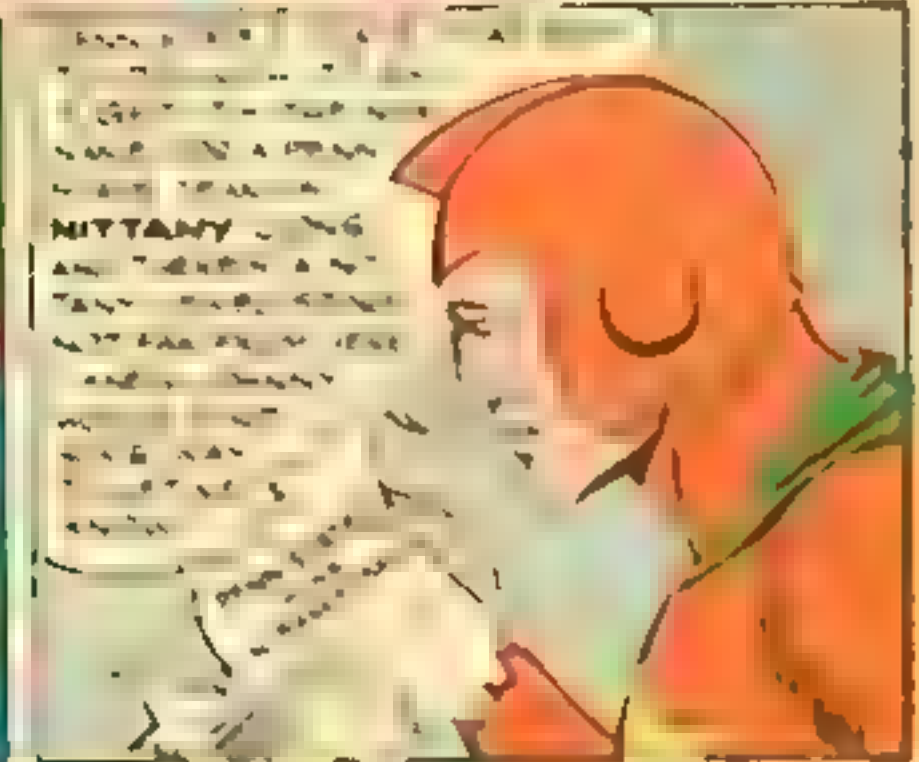
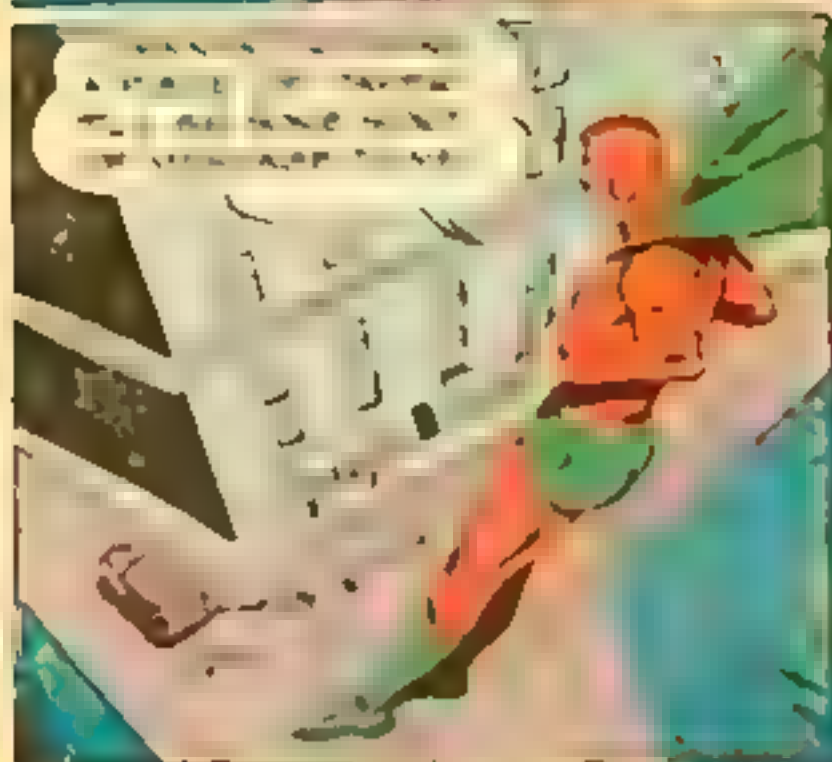
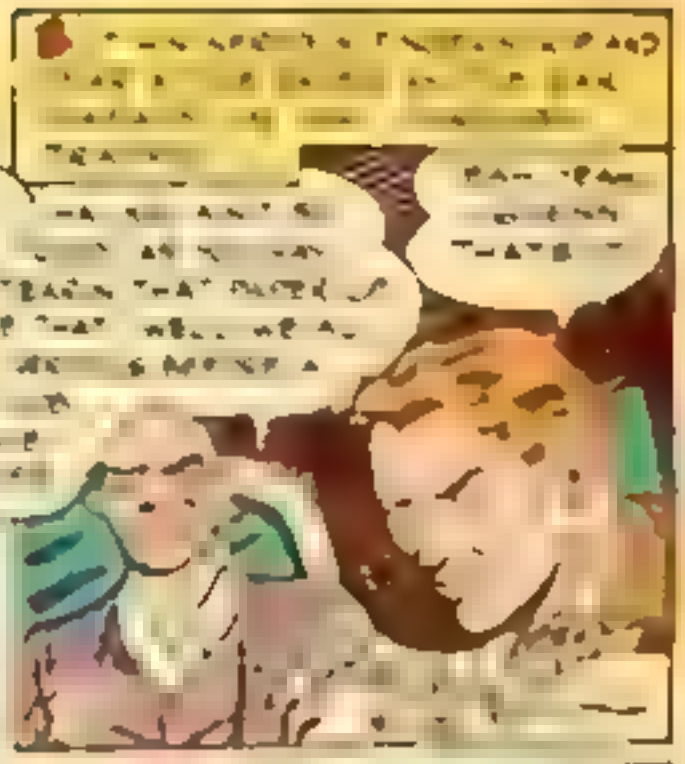
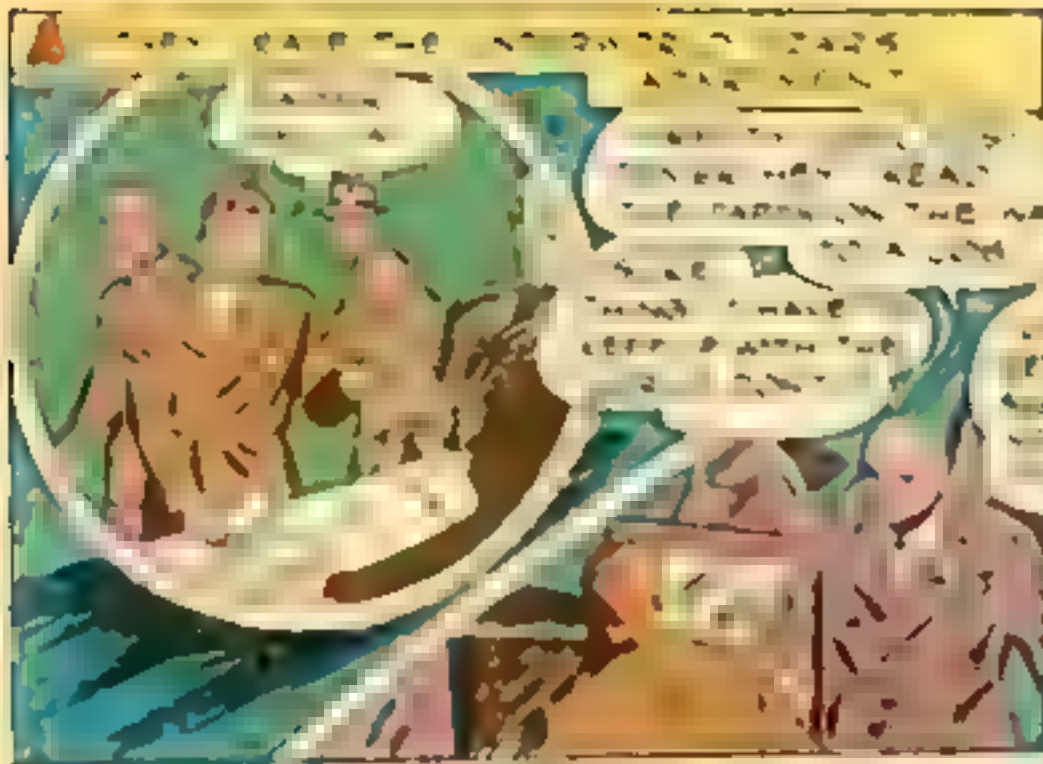




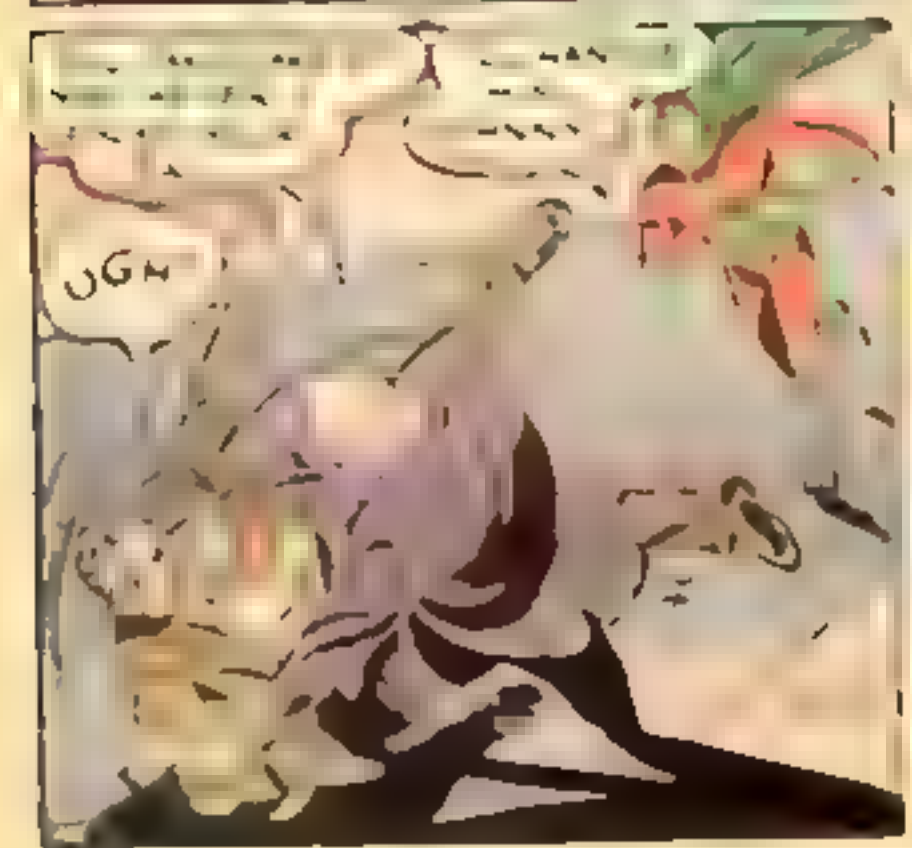
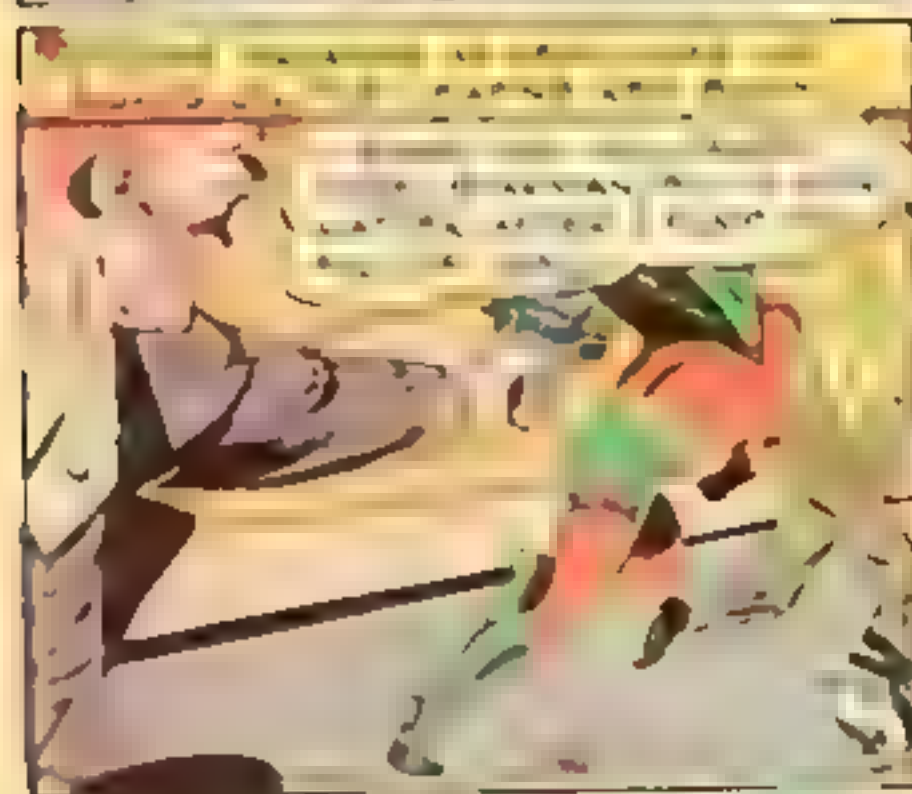
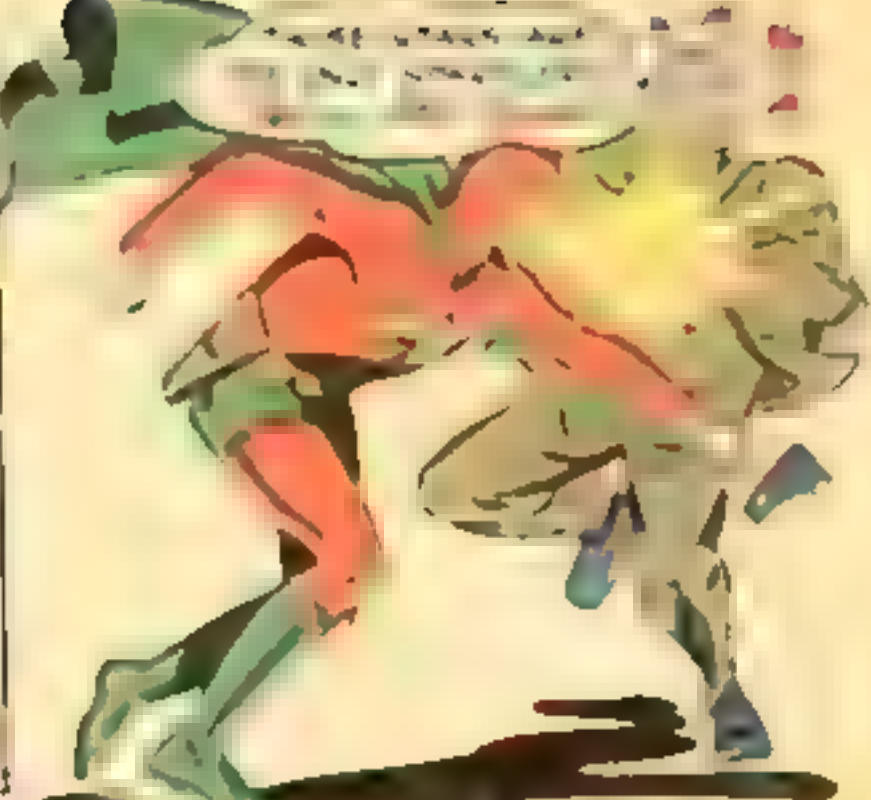
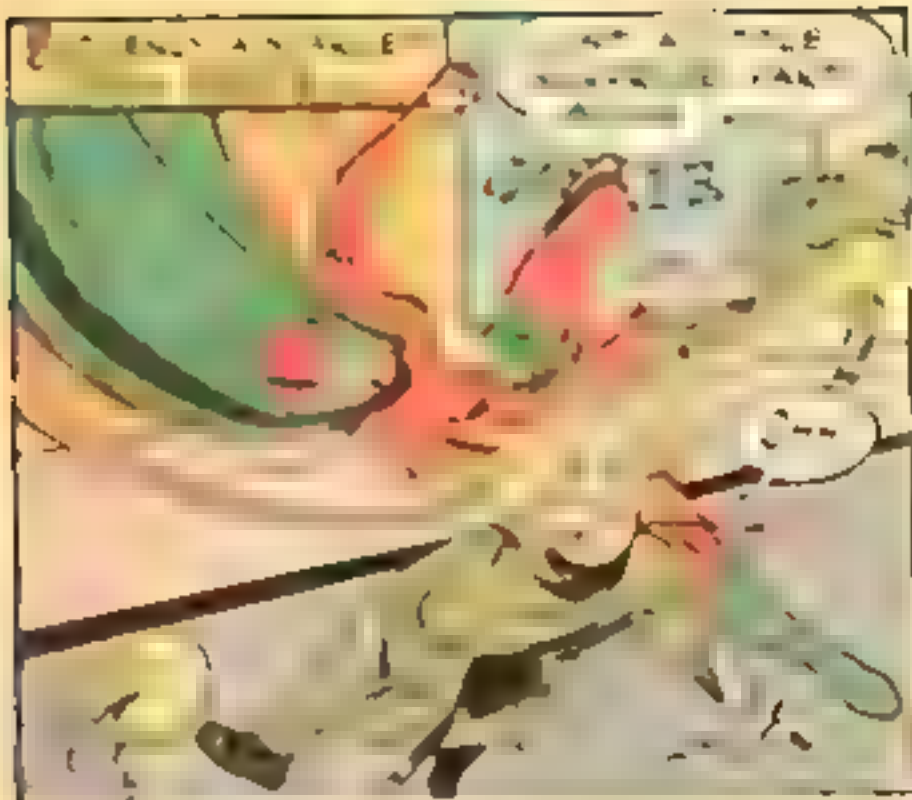
















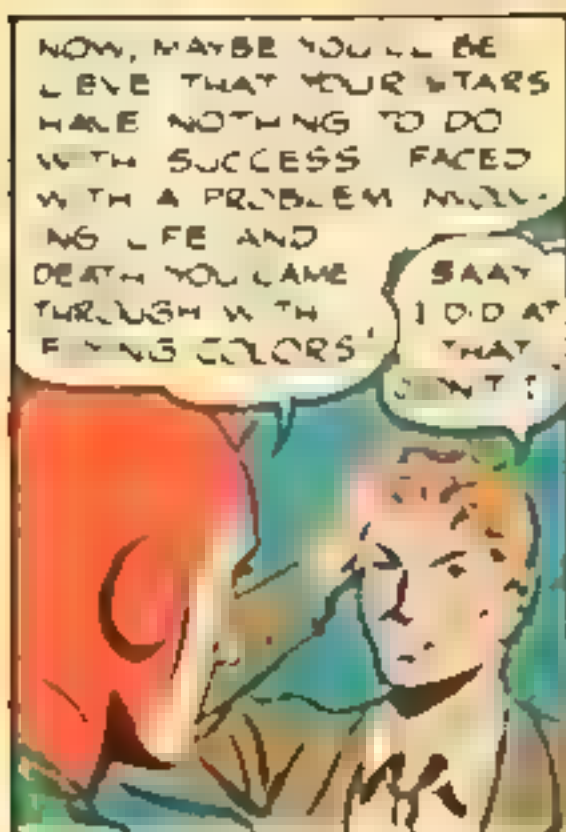
MAYBE IT NOT MUCH OF A SUCCESS, BUT I CAN BEAT A GUY LIKE YOU ANY DAY IN THE WEEK

UHHH!



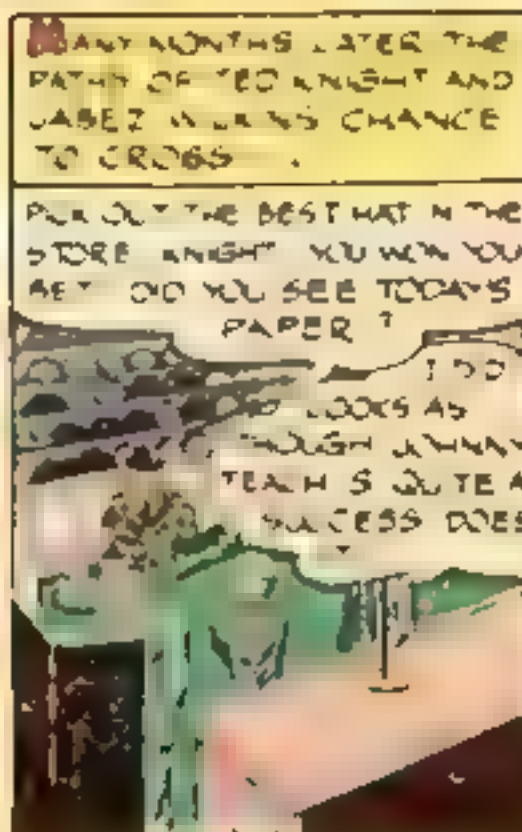
COME ON COME ON YOU GUYS I'VE JUST BEGUN TO FIGHT

TAKE IT EASY, JEMPER. THE FIGHTS ALL OVER AND YOU'VE WON!



NOW, MAYBE YOU'LL BELIEVE THAT YOUR STARS HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH SUCCESS. FACED WITH A PROBLEM INVOLVING LIFE AND DEATH YOU CAME THROUGH WITH FLYING COLORS!

SAY I DID AT THAT POINT?



MANY MONTHS LATER THE PATHS OF TED KNIGHT AND JABEZ WERE IN CHANCE TO CROSS

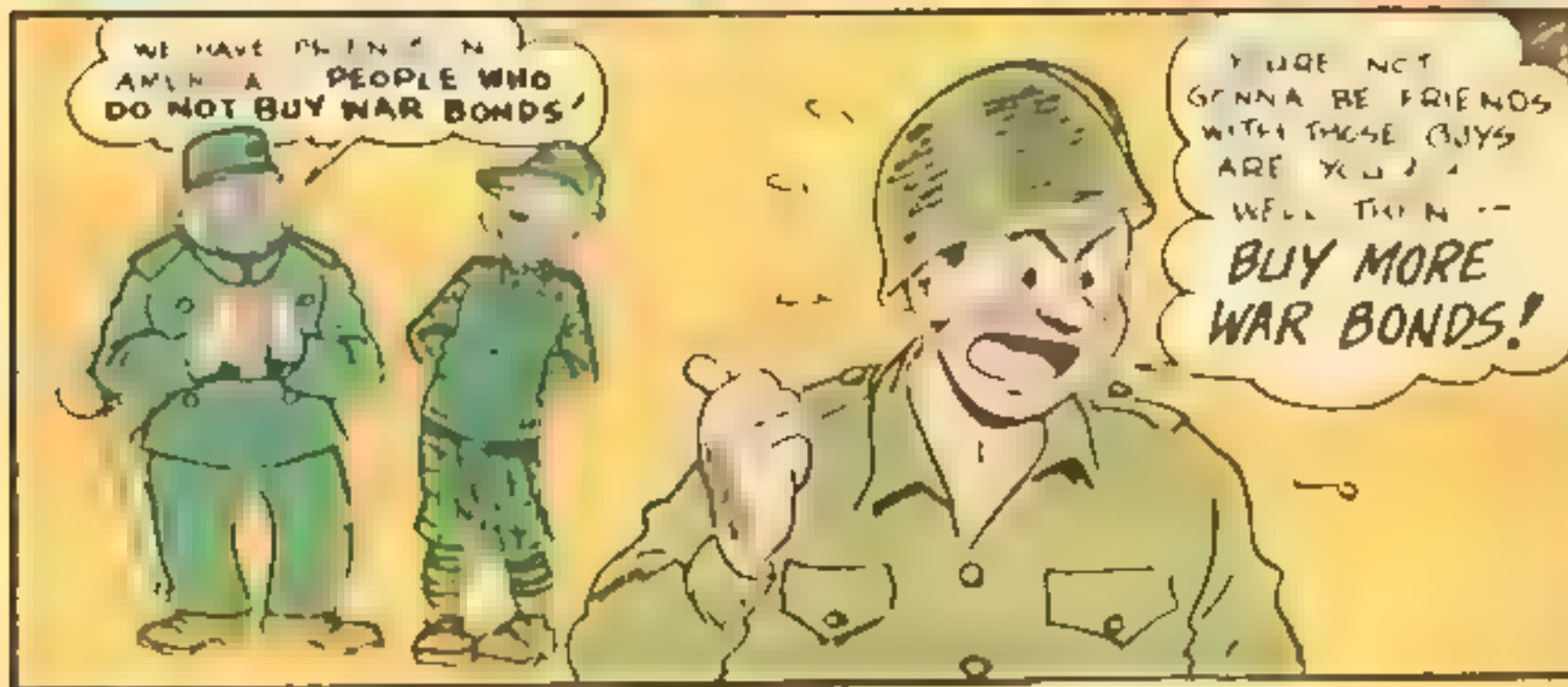
PERHAPS THE BEST PART IN THE STORE KNIGHT YOU WEN YOUR REY DO YOU SEE TODAY'S PAPER?

I DO IT DO LOOKS AS THOUGH JIMMY TEACH'S QUITE A SUCCESS DOESN'T



HE CAPTURED A WHOLE NAZ TANK CREW IN NORTH AFRICA

AND WHAT'S MORE -- BE THOSE GUYS WHO STAYED BEFORE JIMMY WAS THROUGH WITH THEM!



WE HAVE PLIN IN AMEN A PEOPLE WHO DO NOT BUY WAR BONDS!

YOU'RE NOT GONNA BE FRIENDS WITH THOSE GUYS ARE YOU? WELL THEN -- **BUY MORE WAR BONDS!**

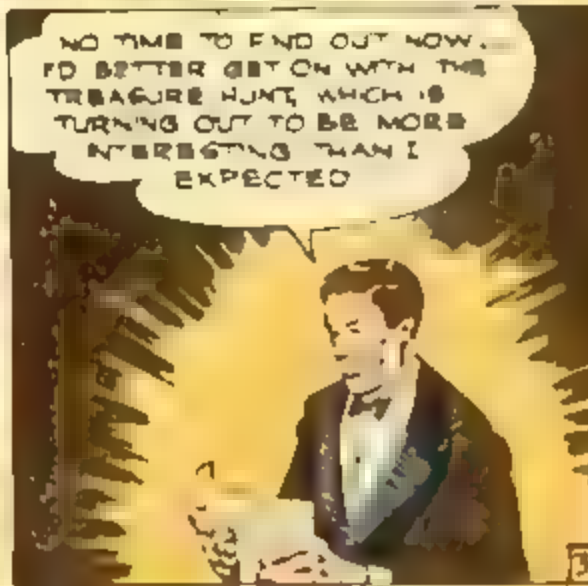
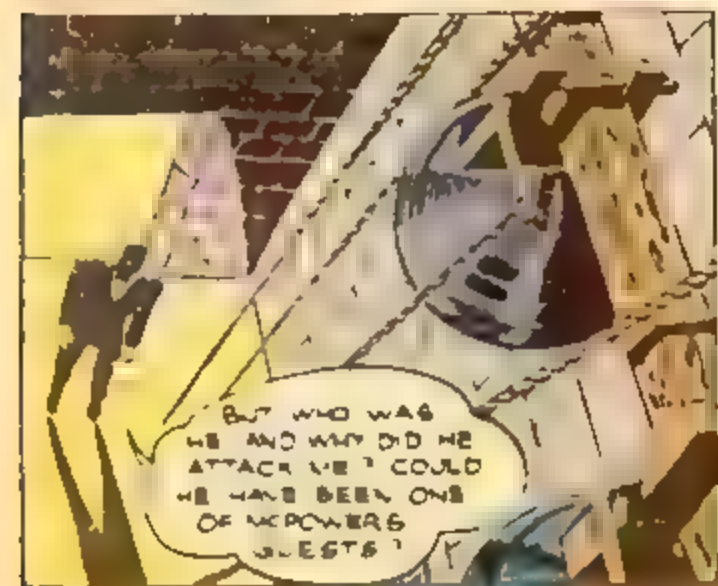
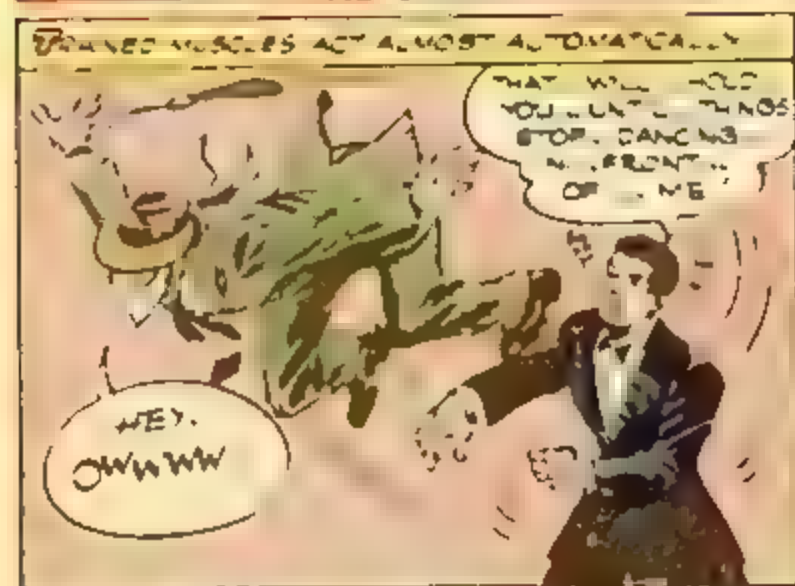
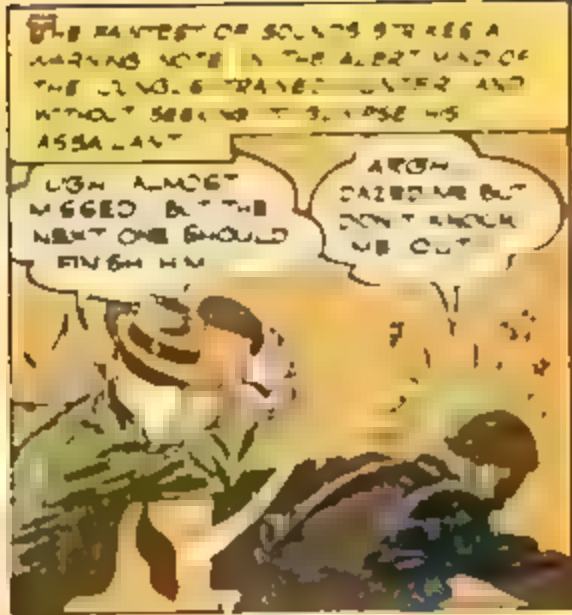




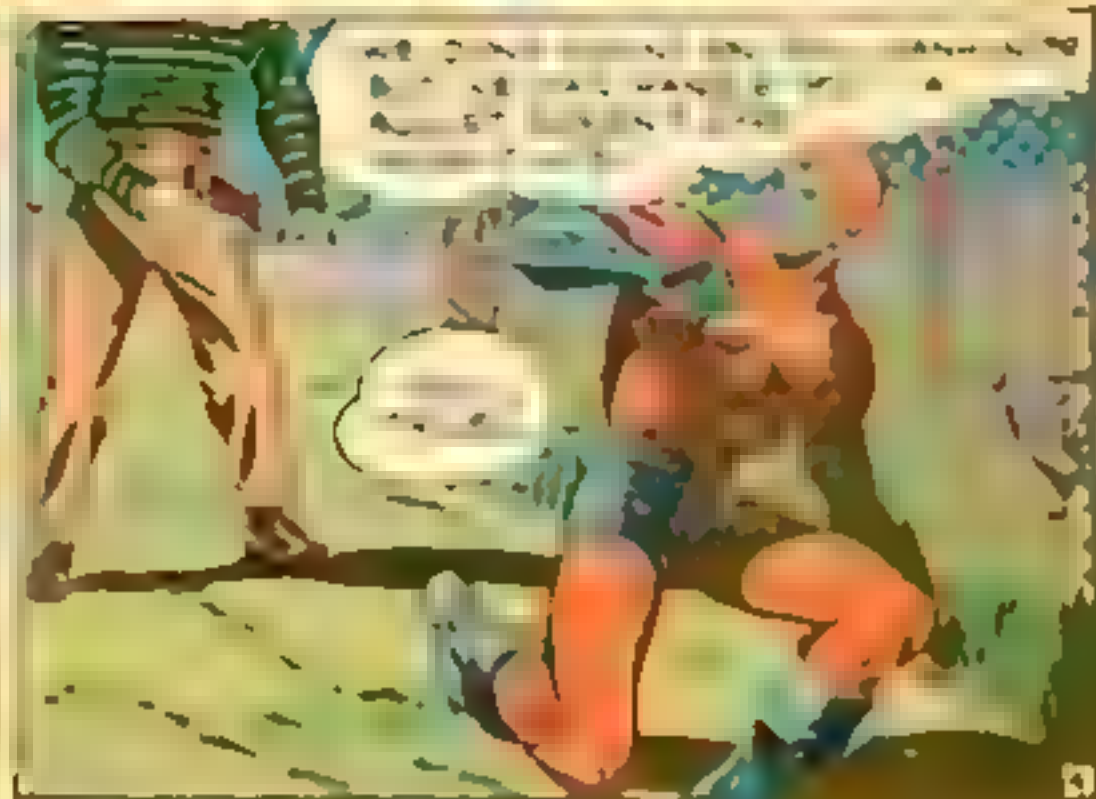
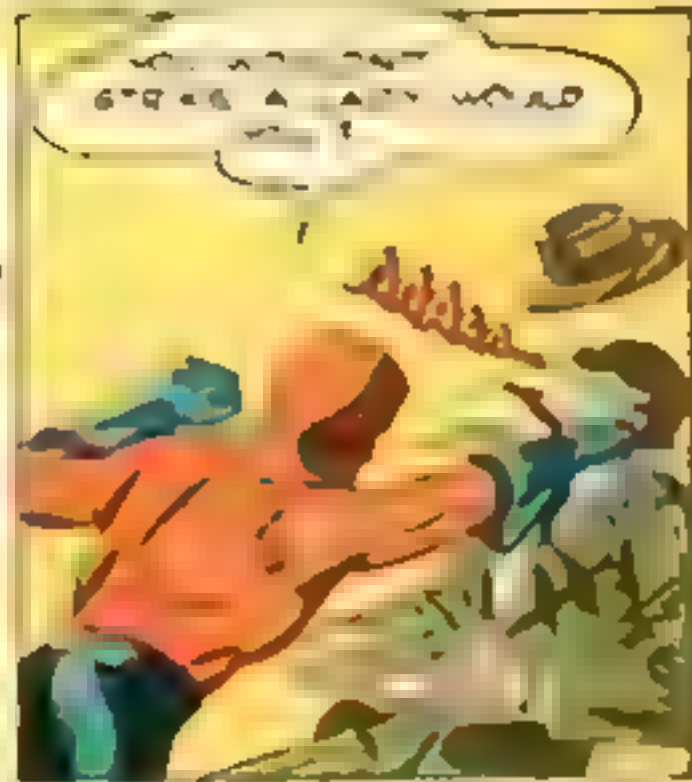
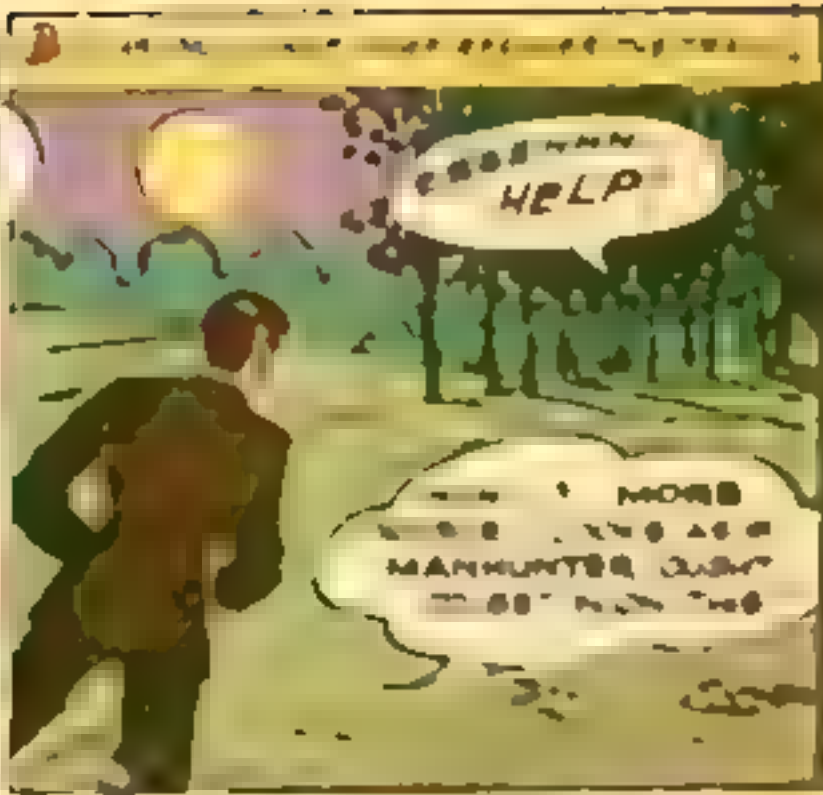
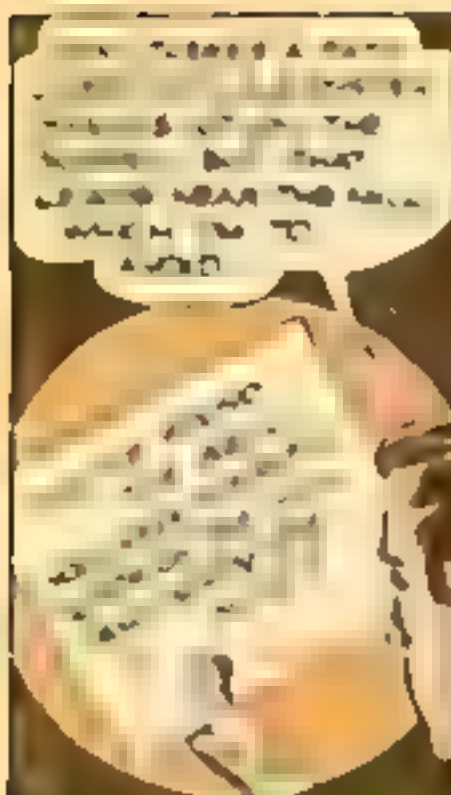




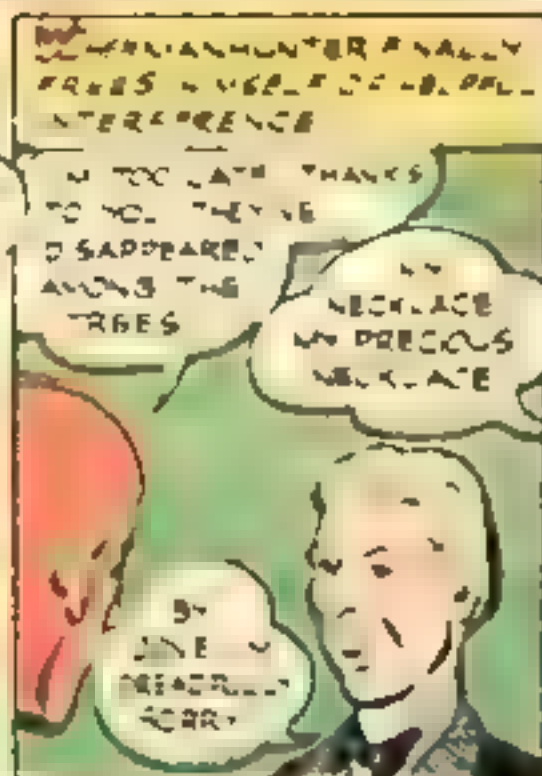




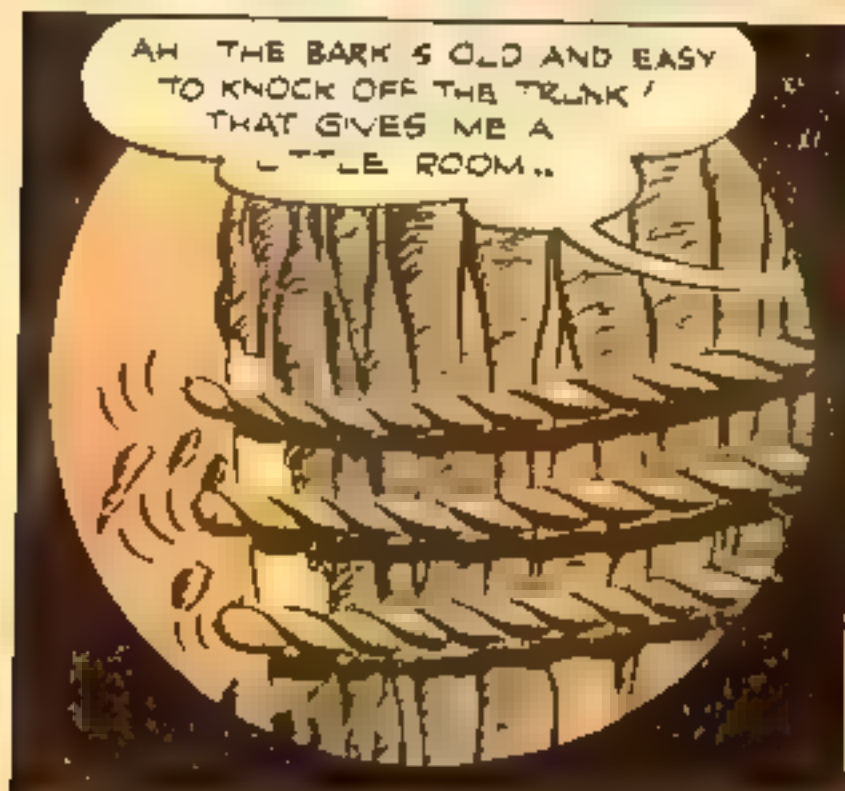
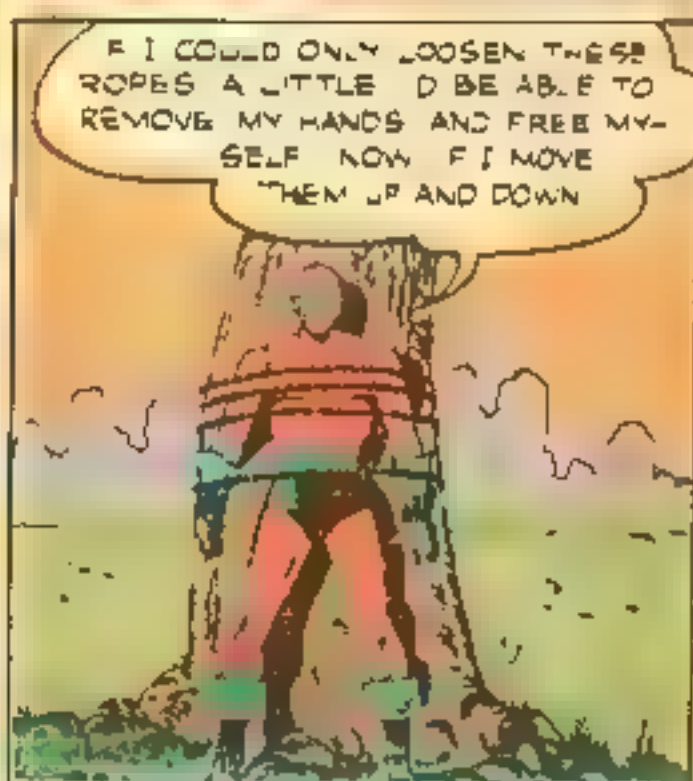
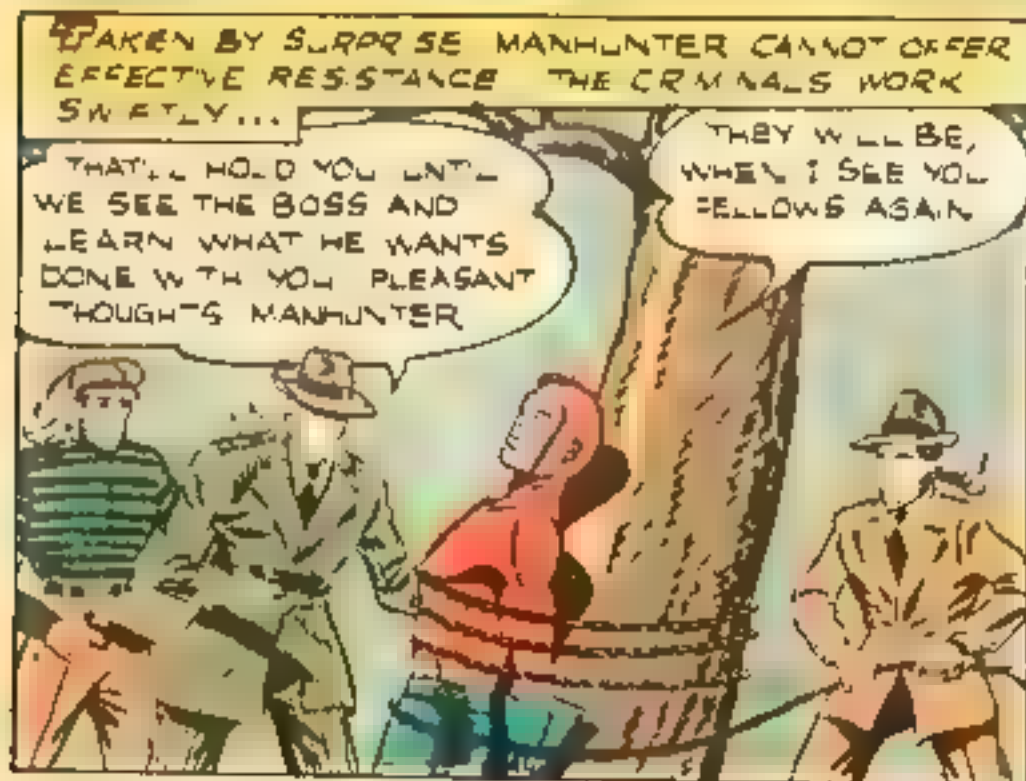
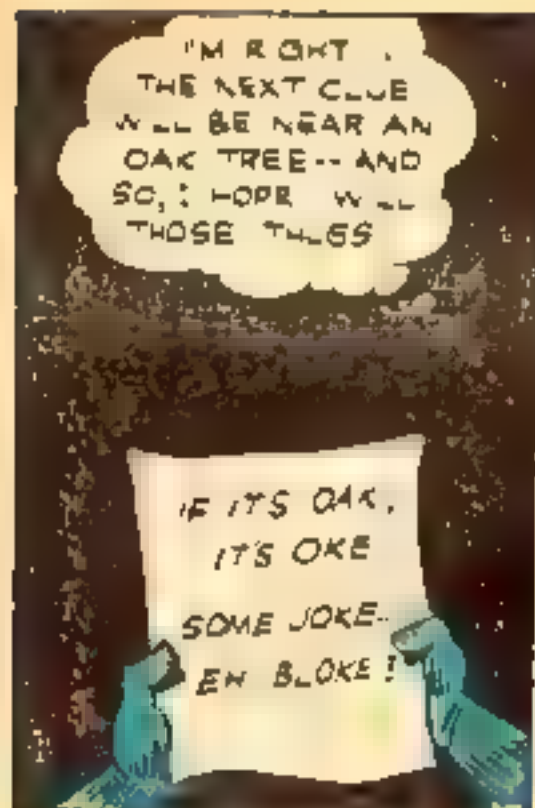




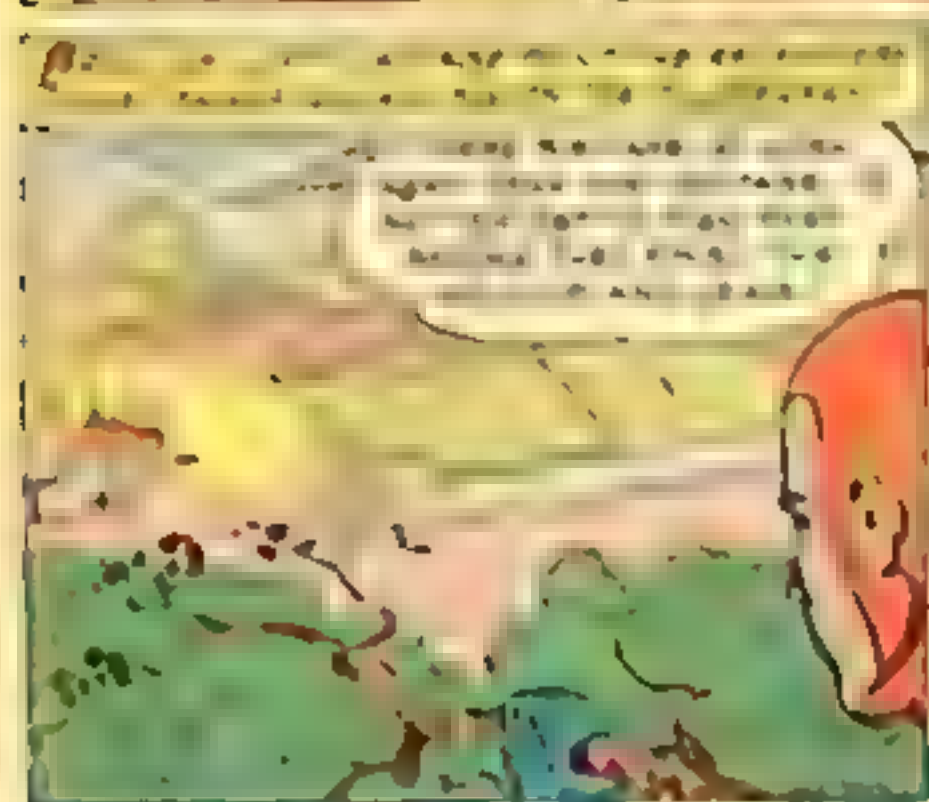




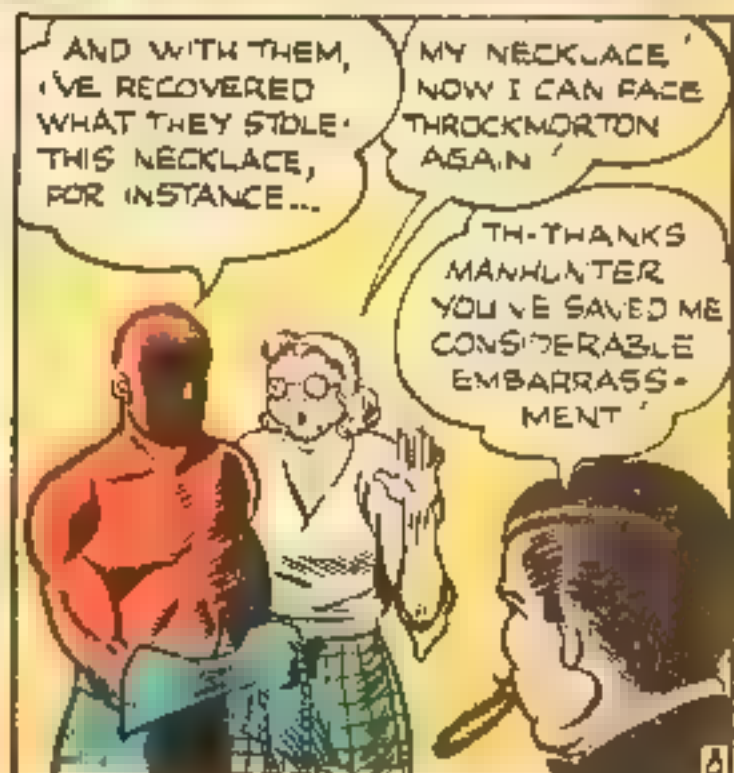
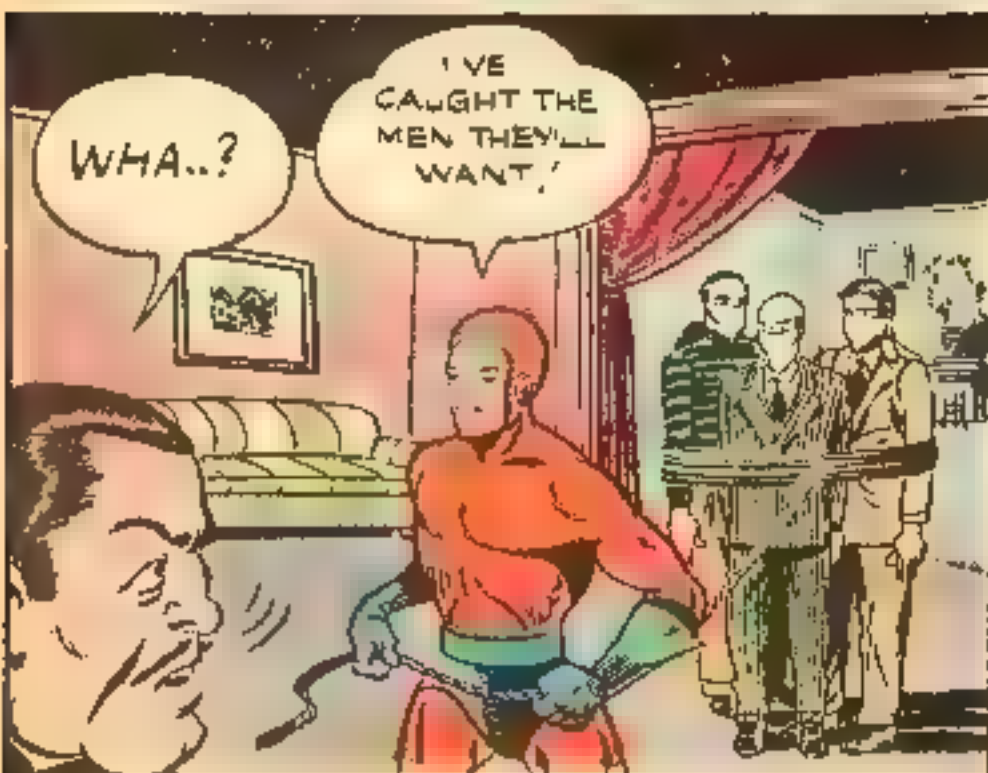
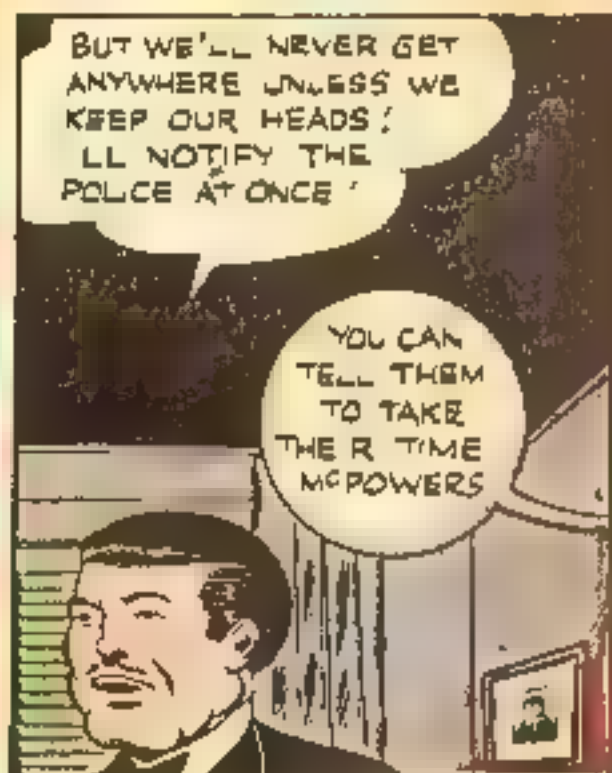
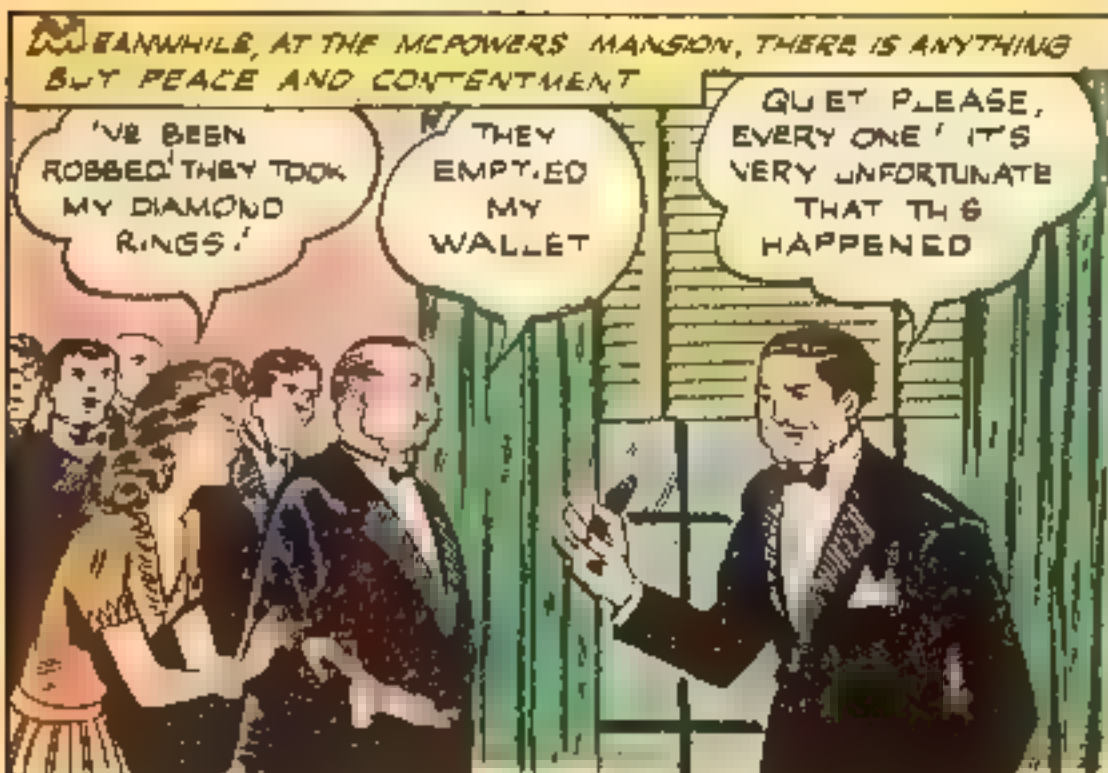




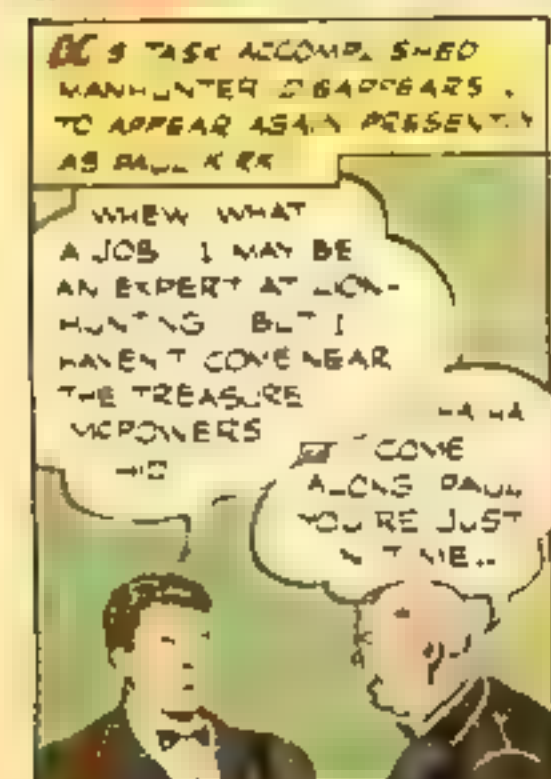
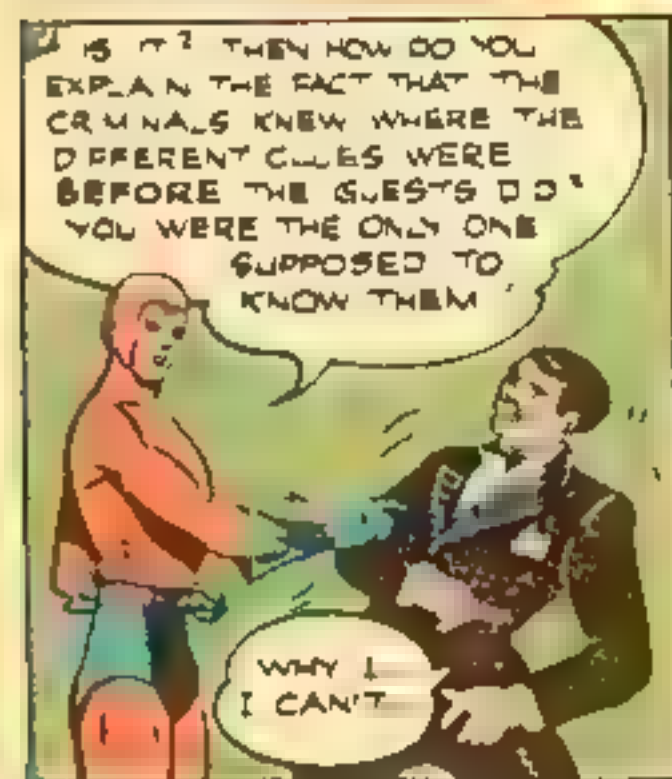
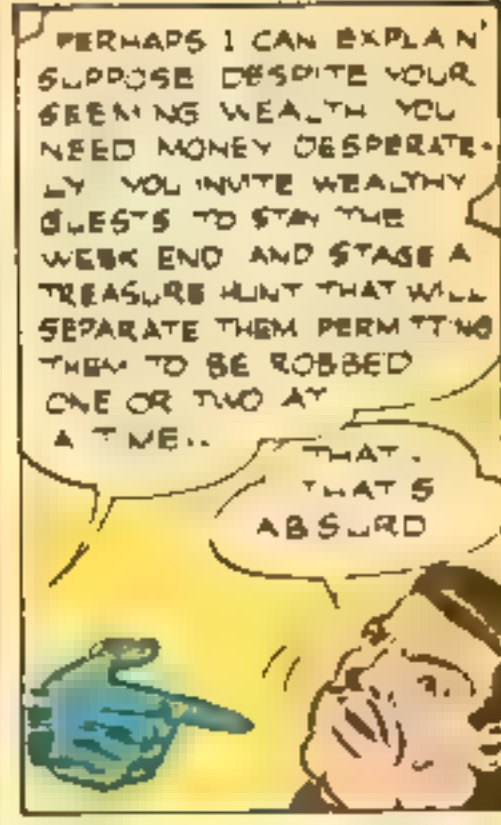














# NO TIME FOR MURDER

by Stan Carter

IT was not desperation but greed that drove Martin to commit a murder. And greed is one of the most important motives of man. Martin didn't care much about that. His only thought was to rid himself of his partner, Paul Barnes, and wash up the tremendous stake stake he was entitled to after the vacation which he, Barnes, was here for.

There was nothing unusual. Martin and Paul Barnes were business partners holding shares in one another. It was a good way to protect a profitable business. At least it had been profitable until last year when Martin began to neglect the corporation funds. It had become necessary then for Martin to cover up his thefts which as the weeks passed became more and more numerous. And though it was Paul Barnes hadn't suspected a thing. Until last week.

It was then like a sudden knife thrust that Martin realized Paul Barnes had at last gotten wise. He was sure of it now, particularly since the past week a couple of strange accountants had gone over the books. When Martin smiled at this move had sought to earn the reason Paul Barnes had just smiled and said:

"Wait, Ed, you'll learn soon enough."

That was all just a smile. If ever Da Vinci had done a male Mona Lisa, Ed Martin was certain, the face would have been that of Paul Barnes while it burned now into Martin's brain, and festered the disease that was already there. And the poison that was running through there was the poison of murder which with every throb said: "You've got to kill him before anyone finds out. You've got to kill him!"

And Martin had heeded that

call to murder. The plan formed in his mind, crystallized when Paul Barnes in the hearing of his Steed the firm's attorney and Paul's personal counsel had said he needed a vacation.

It was easy, almost too easy. Only some as yet undeveloped instinct had told him the flicking flash that ignited up the darkened recesses of Martin's brain set to moving the wheels of homicide. It was almost as though his own past rejection of conscience was saying: "This is the time. Now is the time for all bad men to murder."

So Martin said: "Paul, I think what we both need is a vacation. This business can run itself for a week. We'll go up to my lodge and drink and fish and rest."

Paul Barnes had been more than enthusiastic. So too had been Steed, the lawyer. "That's the way to take boys. I'm proud of you both. This business will never fail when two men like you are at the helm of it."

Steed was always so positive about everything. Martin thought: Too positive. Sitting now in the cheery living room of the hunting lodge waiting for Paul Barnes to drop down for breakfast, Martin's thought flashed back to that scene and he recalled, only too vividly, the impression the words had made. "They're both wise," he had gasped to himself. "They're both wise."

But he couldn't be sure! True, these past two days here, he had been very uneasy. Paul Barnes had mentioned something about wanting to talk to him, but so far nothing had been said. Everytime Martin brought the conversation around to business, hoping to get from Paul some hint, the latter had said: "Hey, we're supposed to be here

on a vacation. We'll talk business later."

And Martin had detected in that voice, something he hadn't suspected before about Paul Barnes: the man had an iron will of his own! This time, he was going to be the boss.

"Good morning, pal," Paul Barnes' cheery voice interrupted Martin's thoughts. "All set for another day of fishing?"

Martin grinned. "I hope I'm having better luck today than yesterday." He followed Paul Barnes out into the kitchen.

Barnes, surprised, said: "Why, you've eaten already?" He looked reproachfully at his partner. "You shouldn't have let me sleep so late."

Martin, laughing, replied: "Wasn't it you who said this was a vacation. We'll sleep is part of it. There's nothing like sleep. Paul, for smoothing things out." To himself he said: "And you're going to get a good long sleep this morning, my friend." His eyes watched Paul Barnes as the man ate hungrily. Then, for just a moment, he had a scare for Barnes said: "I don't think I'll have any coffee this morning."

"No coffee? Why?" He stopped, conscious that he had made his voice louder. Paul Barnes was looking at him, strangely. And now Barnes said: "Okay, I'll have coffee." He chuckled. "After all, why should I refuse the best coffee maker in the Adirondacks a chance to display his talent?"

Martin relaxed, but his eyes watched Paul Barnes nervously. Would the man see the thin layer of cyanide with which the coffee cup had been coated? He suffered a thousand deaths as Paul Barnes slowly poured coffee from the battered cup. Barnes liked his coffee black.

And then at last it was done,



and Paul Barnes was drinking it! Drinking to his own death.

Paul Barnes died as he had lived—a quiet man just like that he died a quick, convulsive hand to his throat. He didn't even look at Martin.

It was done. There was no remorse on Martin's face. Time spent in planning this thing had wiped all feeling of conscience from him. Greed held Martin in his clutches now and murder was only a pastime. The thing to do now was to establish the alibi, make everything foolproof. And Martin, as he set the stage, realized the job was more than half done. There was nothing but a yokel Sheriff to consider, and even he had been informed of Paul Barnes' need for a rest.

Working swiftly after donning gloves, Martin brought out the half-empty whiskey bottle and the bottle of cyanide. He pressed them into Paul Barnes' cold stiffening fingers.

That was all that was simple as that. For the next hour, Martin would fish. Then he would return and discover Paul Barnes' body and call the sheriff and Bill Steed. The lawyer would plane up immediately. And then a bit. A nervous breakdown suffered by Paul Barnes over the poor state of the business. There would be no need now to hide the books from strange eyes. Martin would tell anyone how badly Paul had lost.

Just as he told Sheriff Jones an hour and a half later, Jones listened sympathetically, his keen eyes watching Martin's anguished face.

"When I suggested this vacation," Martin said, "I never suspected Paul would take his life. We've been partners ten years. I was worried just as he was about the business. But I tried to cheer him up. The first three days here he seemed to feel better. He was in good spirits when we went fishing this morning. We fished for an hour and Paul decided to try another stream. You know the one, about a mile away. He

hadn't caught a thing while I was doing this. I told him to go ahead and I'd meet him back here later.

Martin's shoulders shook and he seemed to be making a great effort to get a grip on himself. He went on:

"About ten o'clock I had caught my limit and started back. When I opened the door—Once again the broad shoulders shook. He was there at the table. Sheriff. I had. I wasn't more than five minutes behind him—but that had been time enough for him to do the job. If only—He stopped unable to continue.

Sheriff Jones' sympathetic voice said:

"It must have been a great shock, Mr. Martin. He looked at the turnip he called a watch. "You say that your lawyer is coming in by plane? He ought to be here any minute of course, he'll have to land in town. His kindly eyes looked at Martin. "I have to run back to the village myself, and make out a report. You sure you've told me everything?"

Everything, Martin said. He got up and shook hands with the Sheriff. "And thanks." He kept the anguished look on his face until the door closed. And then he smiled. "I'm a rich man again," he told himself. A rich man again. Then he added: "But be careful, Martin. You've got a perfect alibi. Don't mess it up."

Nevertheless he was surprised when Bill Steed arrived, to find Sheriff Jones with him. For an instant he felt panic, but Steed said: "The Sheriff kindly volunteered to drive me up here." He put a sympathetic hand around Martin's shoulder. "I didn't want you to come down, Tom. I know how you felt about Paul."

"Yes," Martin said. "He was my best friend as well as the finest partner a man could ask for." He shook his head. "I only hope I can salvage the business. It's been pretty bad, you know."

Steed looked at him, said slowly: "I know."

Martin's heart jumped. His

eyes searched Steed's face. How much did the man actually know? But before he could find the answer Steed said:

"There's something you should know, Tom. Paul took a trip three weeks ago. Remember? He didn't tell you where he was going. The lawyer's voice was even calmer. It was to claim an inheritance. He wanted to surprise you and try to save the business. He hadn't realized how much money the firm had been losing. Nor had I. He intended to put a lot of money into the business."

Martin bit back the surprise that rushed to his face. "Paul? Paul—was going to do that?" he gasped. "Why—?—"

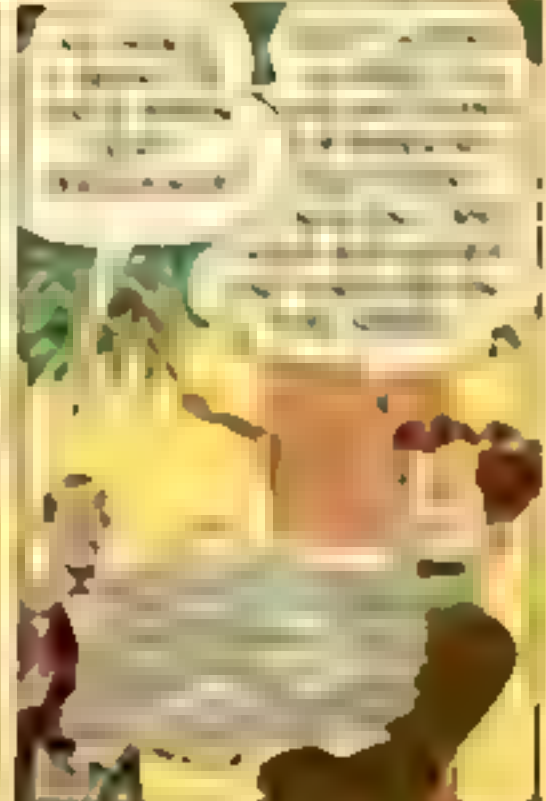
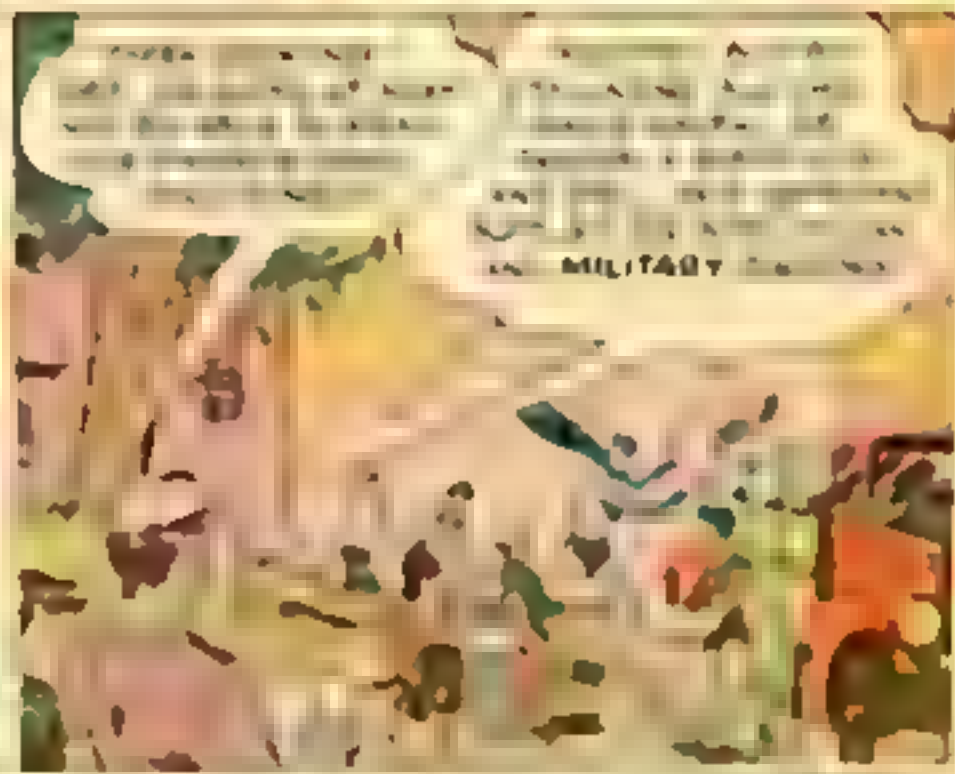
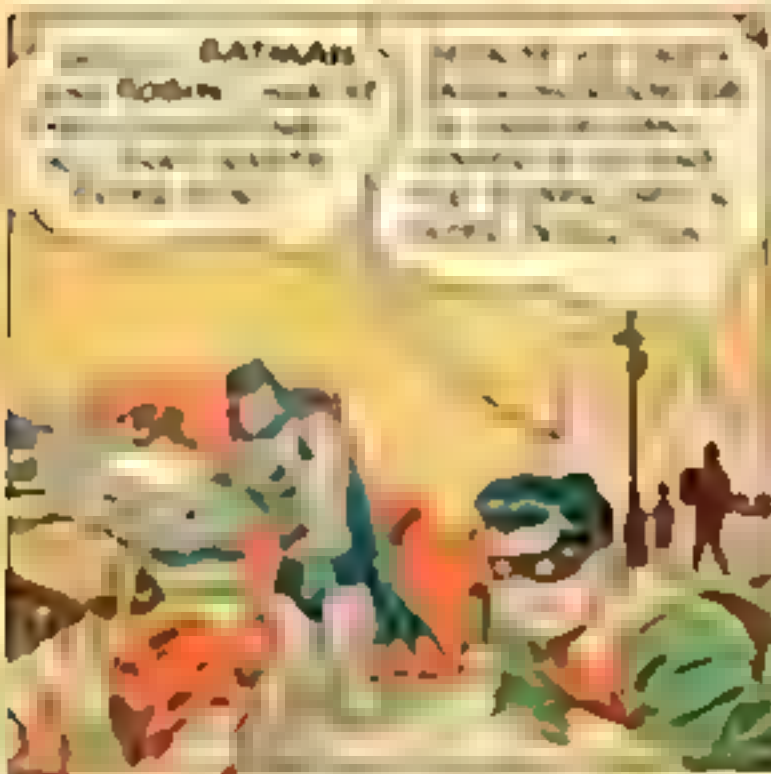
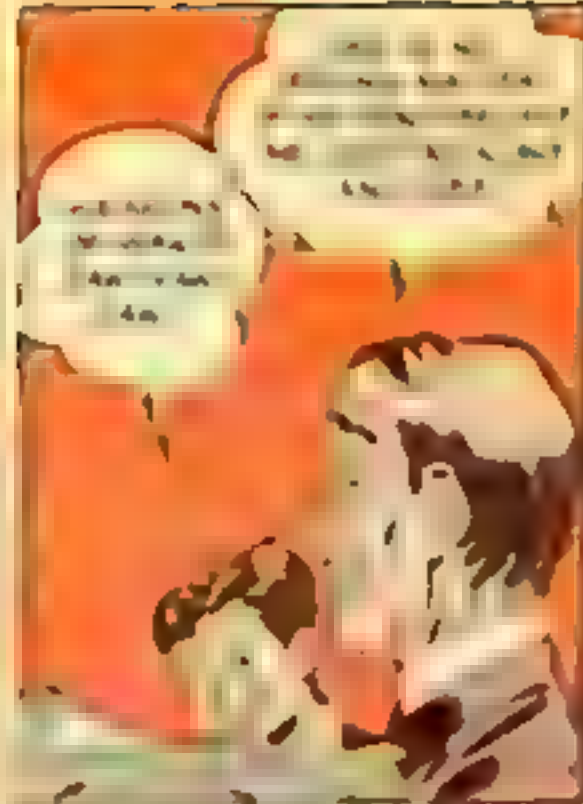
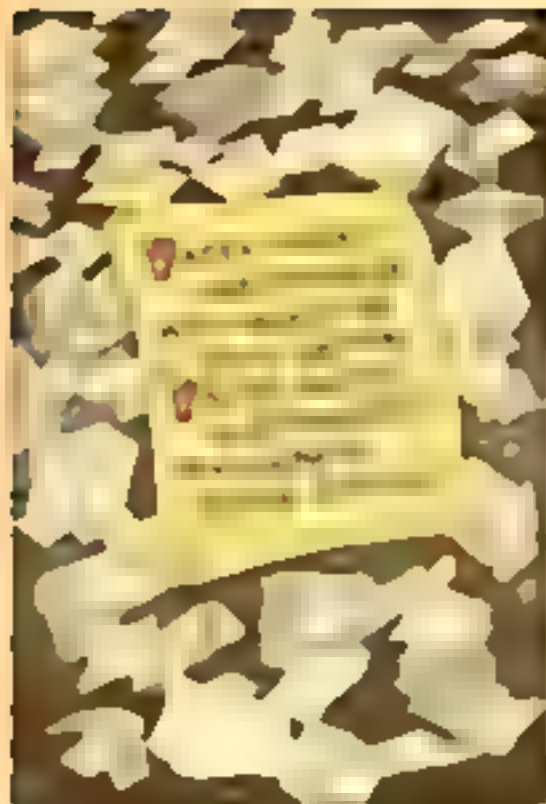
Steed's eyes were slits of steel. Killed him, the lawyer added gratingly. "I checked in to the books while you and Paul were away. He went on, mercilessly. "Paul at first objected to it. That's why I was so anxious to have him go with you. He shook his head. But I never figured it would end in murder."

Martin's spine tingled, his eyes flared. "You're crazy," he cried. "You can't prove a thing. You—?" His face worked in terror as he saw the hand-cuffs in Sheriff Jones' hands, heard the slow rustic drawl.

"I'm afraid you're wrong there, Mr. Martin. You made one slip, and that's why I went down to meet Mr. Steed. When he told me about his own investigations I knew I was right." The voice went on slow and inexorable, and it was pushing Martin toward his doom.

You see, Mr. Martin, you said you were only five minutes behind Paul Barnes. But how could you have known when he arrived at the lodge when you, yourself, told me he went to fish a mile away and you agreed to meet him back here?" He shook his head sorrowfully. "I think, Mr. Martin," he said, "you are going to have a powerful time explaining that to a jury!"

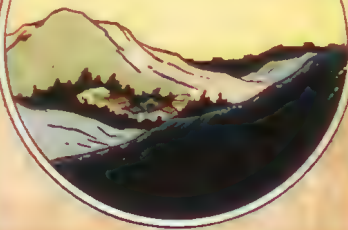




# MIKE GIBBS, GUERRILLA



IN FAR NORTH-  
ERN CHINA, CLOSE TO  
THE ANCIENT GREAT WALL,  
LIES THE PEACEFUL NING-SIA  
VALLEY...



TO VAST CHINA--A LIBERTY-LOVING LAND  
LOCKED IN A DEATH STRUGGLE WITH IN-  
VADING JAPANESE HORDES--ADVENTURE  
CARRIES MIKE GIBBS, ACE AMERICAN RE-  
PORTER, AND WHEN A DEAD DICTATOR RETURNS  
TO LEAD A FORGOTTEN TRIBE OF SAVAGES ON  
NEW PATHS OF VANDALISM... GUERRILLA, ONE-  
MAN ARMY OF FREEDOM, PITCHES IN TO FIGHT...

**"THE BATTLE OF CHANGING MOUNTAINS"**



BUT UNDER PEACEFUL PEASANT SHACKS,  
A GRIM, VITAL INDUSTRY GOES ON...

HA! ANOTHER SCORE OF  
BULLETS FINISHED TODAY!

AND  
MAY THE DAY SOON  
COME WHEN EACH  
WILL FIND ITS MARK  
IN THE BODY OF AN  
INVADER



AND MIKE GIBBS, ACE WAR  
CORRESPONDENT, WATCHES  
THE GRIM, NEVER-CEASING  
TOIL!

THIS,  
MR. GIBBS, IS MERELY  
ONE OF HUNDREDS  
OF FIELD FACTORIES  
SCATTERED THROUGH-  
OUT CHINA

IT'S AMAZING.  
THESE CIVILIANS  
ARE ACTUALLY TURN-  
ING OUT HIGH QUALITY  
MUNITIONS!



WE CALL THESE  
OUR FLOATING FACTORIES!  
THEY CAN BE MOVED CON-  
STANTLY TO ELUDE JAP  
BOMBERS. THEIR OUT-  
PUT IS SMALL, BUT  
THEY ALL ADD UP TO  
PLENTY OF MUNI-  
TION TO BEAT  
THE JAPS



THIS'LL BE ONE STORY THAT'LL  
WAKE AMERICA UP! CHINESE WORKERS  
SPENDING WEEKS TO BUILD ONE GUN! TAK-  
ING DAYS TO MAKE A FEW SHELLS! DOING  
ANY WORK, NO MATTER HOW SMALL,  
TO ADD TO THE WAR-EFFORT!



SUDDENLY ---  
WE ARE BEING  
ATTACKED!  
AN ARMY... COM-  
ING THIS WAY.

WHAT'S  
THAT?

B-BUT THAT'S  
IMPOSSIBLE!  
WERE A HUN-  
DRED MILES  
FROM THE JAP  
ARMY.

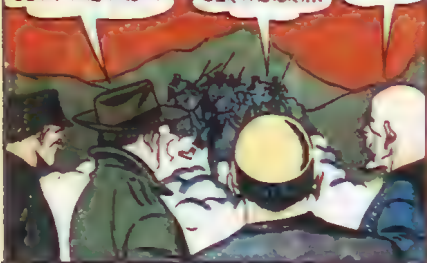


BUT OUTSIDE, THE AMAZED ONLOOKERS WITNESS A  
WEIRD ATTACK!

GLORY BE! THAT  
LOOKS LIKE AN ARMY  
OUTA THE PAST.

QUICK!  
WE MUST DO  
SOMETHING!  
OUR FACTORY...

BUT WE HAVE  
NO SOLDIERS!  
NO FIGHTERS...



LISTEN. YOU'VE GOT WEAP- WHO'S THIS  
ONS. I'LL TURN YOU INTO FIGHT- AMERICAN TO  
ERS. ARM YOURSELVES AND ORDER US?  
FORM A LINE BEFORE THE SHACKS



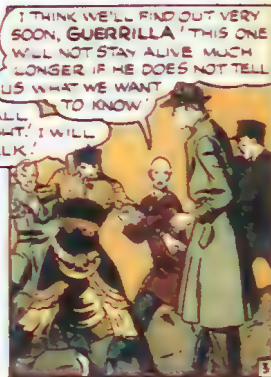
SILENCE, OLD  
MAN! IT IS GUERRILLA!  
DO AS HE SAYS!



As  
the  
scream-  
ing  
hordes  
close  
in,  
a  
crisp  
com-  
mand  
rings  
out!



LED  
BY  
GUER-  
RILLA--  
A  
ONE-  
MAN  
PANZER  
DIVISION  
--THE  
DEFEND-  
ERS  
CHARGE!





THIS IS INCREDIBLE! HE CLAIMS THEY ARE A LOST TRIBE OF MONGOLS FROM THE TONG-KU MOUNTAINS. HE SAYS GHENGIS KHAN HAS RETURNED TO LEAD THEM TO NEW CONQUESTS!



WHETHER OR NOT IT IS TRUE, WE MUST MOVE OUR FACTORY! WE CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES!

NO! WAIT! TIME MUST NOT BE LOST! LET ME FIRST GO NORTH TO TONG-KU AND SEE WHAT I CAN DO!



THAT EVENING A LONE FIGURE RIDES NORTH OF THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA INTO THE TONG-KU MOUNTAINS...

LOST MONGOL TRIBE... GHOST OF GHENGIS KHAN... HMMM!



HIGH IN THE MOUNTAIN PASSES...

WHO GOES THERE?

DON'T GET EXCITED, BOYS! I WANT TO SEE YOUR CHIEF! TAKE ME TO GHENGIS KHAN!

WHENCE COME YOU?



TO A BRILLIANTLY BARBARIC TENT, GJER-RILLA IS LED... AND THERE, A GHOST APPEARS... THE GHOST OF GHENGIS KHAN!

GLORY BE, IF WE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THE OLD KHAN, AT THAT! I'D BELIEVE IN GHOSTS IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER!

WHAT DOES THE INTRUDER WANT OF GHENGIS KHAN?



I COME TO ASK WHY YOUR WARRIORS HAVE ATTACKED THE PEOPLE OF CHINA. IF THERE HAS BEEN A WRONG DONE, WE WILL RIGHT IT. IF YOU WISH FIGHTING AND ADVENTURE, WE WILL SHOW YOU WHOM TO FIGHT!



THE PEOPLE OF CHINA ARE FIGHTING A HORDE OF CONQUERORS FROM ACROSS THE YELLOW SEA! IF YOU WISH TO COME DOWN FROM YOUR MOUNTAINS ONCE MORE, YOUR HELP WILL BE MOST WELCOME! YOU CAN FIGHT WITH US!



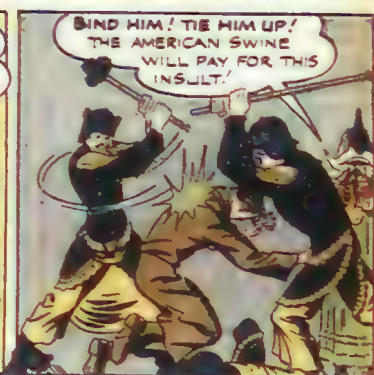
AMERICAN DEVIL! IT IS AGAINST YOU AND YOUR KIND THAT THE MONGOLS BATTLE! YOU ARE OUR ENEMY! NOT THE MEN FROM NIPPON!



WITH SAVAGE FURY, GUERRILLA MAKES A SUDDEN FIERCE BID FOR FREEDOM!

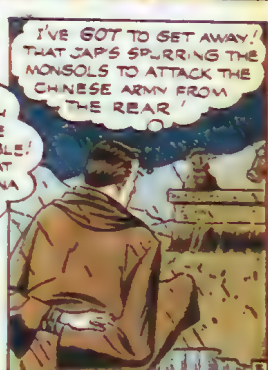


BUT A BRUTAL BARRAGE OF BLOWS STUNS THE SOLDIER OF LIBERTY!



TIGHTLY BOUND WITH ROUGH RAWHIDE, GUERRILLA LIES HELPLESS BEHIND THE CHIEFTAIN'S TENT...

YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR! WITH THE NEW THUNDER-WEAPONS I HAVE BROUGHT YOU, YOU WILL BE INVINCIBLE! AT DAWN WE RIDE DOWN THE GREAT WALL, AND ALL CHINA WILL BE YOURS!





SLOWLY, WITH ABONIZED EFFORT, GUERRILLA WORMS TOWARD THE GREAT STONE FEED TROUGH . . .

THAT TROUGH IS MY ONLY HOPE... IF... IF THE RAIN DEPOSITS ENOUGH WATER IN IT!

WATER! JUST ENOUGH! NOW I'VE GOT TO LET THESE RAWHIDE ROPE SOAK!

AND AS THE TOUGH RAWHIDE LOOSENS AND BAGS IN THE WATER . . .

WHEW!  
WHAT A BREAK THEY DIDN'T USE ROPE... OH-OH! MORE TROUBLE!

GET MOVING, DOGGIE! TIME'S A'WASTIN'!

SWIFTLY GUERRILLA GALLOPS SOUTHWARD THROUGH THE RAIN-SOAKED NIGHT!

I'VE GOT TO GET BACK IN TIME! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THAT MONGOL ATTACK BEFORE IT REALLY STARTS ROLLING...

WAKE UP, CHINA! EVERYBODY OUT! WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!

WHAT IS IT?

BUT WE ARE NOT SOLDIERS, GUERRILLA! WE WILL FIGHT, YES... BUT WE CANNOT HOPE TO WITHSTAND ALL THOSE MONGOLS! ESPECIALLY IF THEY HAVE MODERN WEAPONS!

LISTEN! YOU BEAT OFF A COMPANY OF THEIR SCOUTS YESTERDAY. I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU HOW TO SMASH ALL OF THEM TODAY!

AND AS  
DAWN  
TURNS  
THE  
BLACK  
SKY  
PALE, THE  
MONGOL  
TROOPS  
COME  
RIDING  
DOWN  
THE GREAT  
STONE  
WALL...  
RIDING  
EAST  
TOWARD  
PEIPING.

I LET YOU GO ON THAT SCOUTING TRIP  
YESTERDAY TO TEACH YOU A  
LESSON! NOW YOU  
**KNOW** MY NEW  
WEAPONS ARE  
STRONGER THAN  
YOURS!

YES, GREAT  
KHAN! WE KNOW  
YOUR WISDOM IS  
GREAT! WE FOL-  
LOW YOU TO  
VICTORY!

BUT AT THE LEI-HAN PASS WHERE THE WALL  
TOWERS HIGH ON A CRAGGY HILL TOP...

IT IS THE AMERICAN  
DEVIL! LEADING  
THE CHINESE!  
LOOK OUT!

FIRE!  
GET 'EM,  
BOYS!

AAAA!

COME ON, YOU KILLERS!  
TAKE A DOSE OF WHAT  
YOUR FOREFATHERS  
HANDED OUT A  
THOUSAND YEARS  
AGO!

AHIEEE!

ATTACK!  
TAKE  
THAT  
TOWER!

SWIFTLY THE FIERCE MONGOL FIGHTERS  
CHARGE THE ARMED TOWER...

AIE!  
HAIE!

AI!  
AI!

DO YOU  
THINK WE  
ARE TO BE  
TAKEN SO  
EASILY, FOOL.

HA! THESE  
MONGOLS DIE  
AS EASILY AS  
THE JAPAN-  
ESE!

TRUE! A  
DOG'S BARK  
DOES NOT  
SHOW THE  
SHARPNESS  
OF HIS  
TEETH.

AAAA!

AND  
AS THE  
ATTACK CONTIN-  
UES SAVAGE-  
LY...

MY FRIENDS, I  
HAVE AT LAST FOUND  
MY TRUE LIFE'S WORK!  
HENCEFORTH I SHALL  
BE A SOLDIER OF  
THE REPUBLIC!

BUT GRAND-  
FATHER: AT  
YOUR AGE!?

OWWW!



**GUERRILLA!**  
WE CANNOT HOLD THEM FOREVER! THEY WILL WEAR US DOWN WITH THEIR NUMBERS!

BUT WE MUST HOLD THEM JUST A LITTLE LONGER! THEN WE WILL SHOW THEM HOW CRAFTILY CHINA CAN FIGHT! WAIT UNTIL THE CHILDREN SIGNAL US!

AND MEANWHILE--A QUARTER OF A MILE EASTWARD DOWN THE WALL...

OUR WORK IS FINISHED! QUICK, LIN, SIGNAL GUERRILLA!

I WILL SEND UP THE KITE!



**THE SIGNAL AT LAST!**  
QUICK, MAN! GET YOUR PEOPLE OFF THE WALL! LET THE MONGOLS THINK THEY HAVE WON!



BEHOLD! THE CHINESE PIGS FLEE! I HAVE TOLD YOU WE WOULD BE EVER-VICTORIOUS! COME! ON TOWARD PEIPING! THERE WE WILL JOIN OUR JAPANESE BROTHERS AND SWEEP CHINA CLEAN!

BUT AS THE TRIUMPHANT MONGOLS RIDE ON TOWARD THEIR CONQUEST, THE KEEN EYES OF GUERRILLA WATCH GRIMLY...



RIDE ON, MONGOLS... TO VICTORY... TO A CHINESE VICTORY... THE VICTORY OF SPIRIT OVER ODDS!



**BOOM!**  
WITH TITANIC FORCE, A QUARTER OF A TON OF T.N.T. RIPS THE ANCIENT WALL TO SHREDS !!!



AND SO... OUR WALL DEFENDED US FOR A THOUSAND YEARS. NOW WAR HAS TORN IT APART.

MY FRIENDS, THE DESTRUCTION OF THAT ANCIENT WALL ONLY MEANS THAT THE CHINESE HAVE A NEW WALL TO GUARD THEM... THE INVINCIBLE SPIRIT OF A FREE PEOPLE... SOMETHING FAR STRONGER THAN THE STONESTONE!



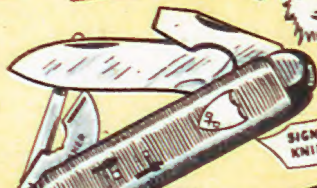
WATCH FOR MIKE GIBBS, GUERRILLA, IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

**ADVENTURE COMICS**

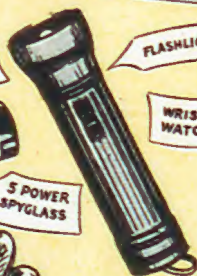
# PRIZES for You -- COME an' GET 'EM



--and MONEY, too!



SIGNAL  
KNIFE



FLASHLIGHT



WRIST  
WATCH



5 POWER  
SPYGLASS



HAND AXE



FIELDER'S  
GLOVE and BALL

HERE it is fellers—the chance of a lifetime to earn all the MONEY and PRIZES you want. Look 'em over! Are they Jim Dandies? And How! A real wrist watch, a baseball glove and ball that will really fill the bill—a regular "he man" hand axe that can split a cat's whisker—yes sir—every prize a pippin and yours in addition to a regular income that will make you the envy of your whole gang. Start today to get the PRIZE you want, and find out for yourself what a thrill it is to have real money jingling in your pocket. All this can be yours for delivering Collier's Magazine to regular customers. Send in the coupon and get started today.

## CLIP COUPON AND MAIL TODAY

MR. JIM THAYER, DEPT. 24  
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.  
Springfield, Ohio.

Dear Jim: I want to claim some of your wonderful Prizes. Please send me your PRIZE BOOK and start me earning MONEY and PRIZES right away.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

(\*) Postal

Unit No.

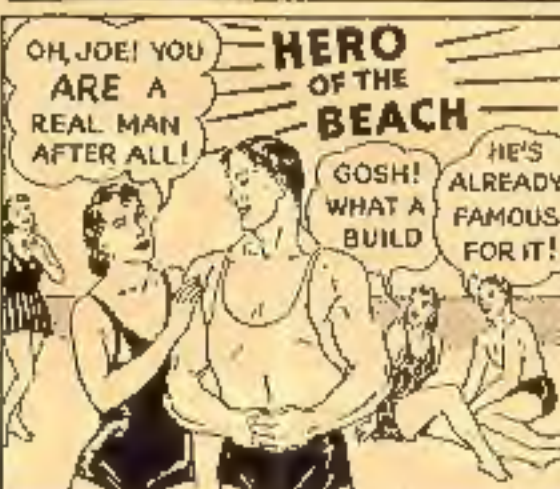
(\*\*) If your city is so divided

First—fill out the coupon and mail it to me on a penny postcard—I'll start you at once and send you A FREE PRIZE BOOK. All you have to do to earn PRIZES AND A CASH INCOME, is deliver Collier's Magazine to customers whom you obtain in your own neighborhood. Will not interfere with school or other activities. Send coupon today. If you don't want to clip coupon, write to MR. JIM THAYER, DEPT. 24, THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO., SPRINGFIELD, O.

SEND FOR **FREE** PRIZE BOOK



# HOW JOE'S BODY BROUGHT HIM FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



**I Can Make YOU A New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes A Day!**

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindly-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

## "Dynamic Tension" Does It!

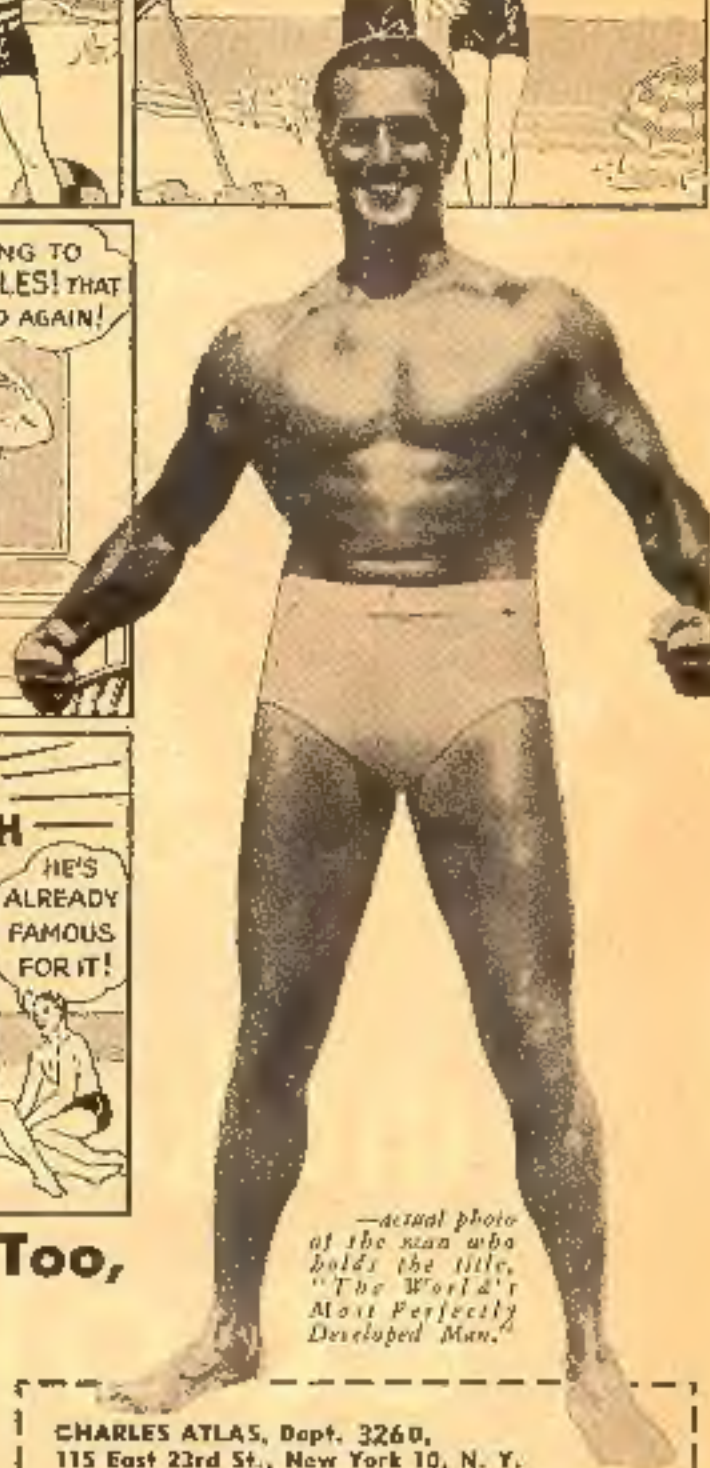
Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever

dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

## FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health And Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 3260, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3260, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name  (Please print or write plainly)

Address

City  State

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A





candy  
makes delicious  
cookies...



IF HE'S IN AMERICA  
SEND A BOX TO  
THE BOY IN CAMP

RECIPE ON EVERY WRAPPER



CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • Producers of Fine Food • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS